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The Nation

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Vol. CXX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1925 No. 3117

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Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

SECRETARY KELLOGG has stepped backward and confirmed the gag which Secretary Hughes imposed upon Michael Karolyi, first President of the Republic of Hungary. He again ranges the United States Government as the ally and servant of the most despotic and reactionary groups in Europe. We do the will of Mussolini in the case of Carlo Tresca and of Horthy in the case of Karolyi; and we welcome to our shores all the grand dukes and duchesses who can borrow money for the passage. But when a distinguished European liberal knocks at our gates we permit him to enter only on condition that he say nothing to offend the dictators now controlling his country. That is contrary to a long and honorable American tradition, as Mr. Beard's article in this issue shows. Perhaps Mr. Kellogg had little to do with this decision. The letter announcing his decision is signed by William R. Castle, Jr., chief of the West European division of the State Department. Mr. Castle was a good freshman dean at Harvard fifteen years ago, but he is a nuisance in the State Department. He has not even been honest in the Karolyi case. He at first suggested that Count Karolyi had accepted the gag pledge voluntarily—a position from which he now retires. He then officially denied that the State Department had acted at the behest of Count Szechenyi, the Hungarian Minister, although he had privately asserted that fact in circumstantial detail to more than one visitor. Men who cannot tell the truth do not belong, even in the group of socially presentable Harvard men who lend so much charm to the State Department.

DAUGHERTY IS OUT OF OFFICE and no man dares defend him; Atlanta Prison is being cleansed; and "Tex" Rickard has been convicted for his part in the fight-films conspiracy—so much achievement has grown out of Senator Wheeler's work last year. What of Senator Walsh's exposure of the oil conspiracy? Ex-Secretary Fall is in disgrace, but he still has the $100,000 and the famous black bag, and Doheny has Elk Hills, and Sinclair Teapot Dome. The Government has been suing to annul the Teapot Dome contract by which Mr. Fall secretly transferred that great oil reservoir to Harry Sinclair. Whether the special prosecutors appointed by President Coolidge have been as alert as they might have been in meeting the tactics of Sinclair's counsel we leave to lawyers. This, at any rate, is clear: The oil officials have behaved like guilty small boys; they have not dared face the music but have sought escape by climbing fences. When the time came to hear them the Government's witnesses had disappeared. H. M. Blackmer, chairman of the board of the Midwest Refining Company; James E. O'Neil, president of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company; Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana; H. L. Osler, head of the Continental Trading Company—all of these gentlemen have taken up residence abroad, "skipped," as ordinary criminals would put it. Such conduct looks like a confession of crime. In the language of the New York *World:* "It is time that the oil business be cleansed from top to bottom. It is time that it be rid of crooks and cowards."

THE TRANSFER of Jacob Gould Schurman from the legation in Peking to the embassy in Berlin is a fine thing for China, but from the point of view of our relations with Germany it is distinctly regrettable. It is, in fact, another evidence of President Coolidge's inability to understand the ordinary fitness of things. During the war Mr. Schurman was one of the best German-haters we had. The combination of his German name and his English birth seemed to make him feel that there was a burden upon him to let all the world know how convinced he was that Germany had for years been plotting not only the subjugation of the world in general but the conquest of America in particular. "If Germany," he said, "wins the war it doesn't matter what becomes of us." He was a valiant bitter-ender. Were the German Government a free agent we have no doubt it would decline to accept Mr. Schurman. As it is, he will probably take his place at Berlin, where he will likely be as unsympathetic as Mr. Houghton has been sympathetic and understanding. It is a great come-down for us. Moreover, Mr. Schurman was recently guilty of undiplomatic conduct in Peking which ought to have raised the question whether he should be retained in the service in any capacity. Speaking at a dinner he publicly attacked the ambassador of the Soviet Republic.

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VISCOUNT CECIL may think opium-eating, as practiced in India, "generally harmless and sometimes actually beneficial," but the Indians do not. Sir Devaprasad Sarvardikari proposed in the Council of State on March 5 that the cultivation and use of opium in India be reduced to the medical requirements. Calcutta's opium consumption, he said, was twenty times as great as the index figure for medical purposes set by the League of Nations, and in Assam Province the rate was thirty times that standard. Another Indian revealed a ghastly state of affairs in Bombay, where the mothers who work in the great mills habitually dope their babies with opium, so that the infant death-rate has reached the horrible total of 652 per thousand. Mr. MacWatters, Secretary of Finance, replied. He said that the Imperial Government had already approached the provincial governments concerning abuses; he thought nothing further need be done, and Sir Devaprasad Sarvardikari's bill was accordingly voted down by the obedient government majority.

JUGOSLAVIA has now joined the ranks of the countries which demand *persona grata* correspondents. Theodor Berkes, who for four years has done remarkable service as the Balkan correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, occasionally contributing to *The Nation*, has been expelled from the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes because he was too frank in reporting the terroristic methods by which Premier Pachich won his majority in the recent electoral campaign. The Jugoslav Foreign Minister suggested that he might permit Berkes to return if he would agree to act more "correctly" in future; Berkes properly responded that he would not subordinate his function as a reporter to the exigencies of any political regime. Therein he honored himself and his profession. Primo de Rivera's Spain will not tolerate an unfriendly correspondent; newspapermen in Italy have to mail their honest reports and sometimes conceal their origin because the cables are censored; and Russia still exercises a kind of guardianship over the foreign journalists in Moscow. The only blue sky in this horizon is the fact that our contributor Robert Dell, expelled from France in 1918, has been permitted to return. Heigh-ho! Those were good old days before the war.

THE *CHRISTIAN CENTURY* reports an extraordinary religious revival in Des Moines, led by Dr. Thomas Graham of Oberlin Theological Seminary, John R. Mott, Sherwood Eddy, and others. For an entire week mass meetings were held nightly; on the last three nights hundreds were turned away who could not gain admission. At the closing meeting 3,800 persons formed themselves into a permanent movement to apply Christian teachings to the life of the city. Revivals have often been held before; the striking fact about this Des Moines week is that every effort was made to relate religion to problems of the day. One of the speakers was Dr. George Haynes, interracial secretary for the Federal Council of Churches. A distinguished colored man, he was received with the greatest cordiality. Christian teaching was applied to industry, to politics, and to all branches of civic and social life, and Mr. Eddy declares in the *Christian Century* that "no partisan word of fundamentalism or modernism, radical or reactionary, liberal or conservative, white or black" was heard during the entire week. In the field of industrialism the open shop, the effort to break up unions, and autocratic control by labor were attacked deliberately and definitely, and so were militarism and other patent evils of our modern times. Especially outspoken was the denunciation of war, with the result that Des Moines may be the first city to go on record for the outlawry of war.

AS INDICATING the increased responsibility which religious organizations are beginning to feel for our industrial system we note a declaration adopted at the recent biennial council in St. Louis of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. The meeting went on record for a more equitable distribution of the profits of industry, for the abolition of child labor, for a national system of employment bureaus, for the right of labor to organize and to bargain collectively, and other measures. Even more significant, perhaps, were the remarks of Louis Wolsey of Cleveland in calling for the adoption of the platform in behalf of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. Of the industrial worker Rabbi Wolsey said:

> All this worker has to sell is his labor and his time, the energy of his body and the effort of his being, an investment of all he has, which supplies him a wage but no established standing in industry, no guaranty of steady employment, and no assurance of bread and shelter for his old age. He invests his life and secures in rights only what he may obtain as a concession from a generous employer, or as a grudgingly given right by an intransigent captain of industry, while the latter's dollar yields a continuous dividend. Let those who complain of losses in industry bethink themselves of those against whose account the loss is eventually charged, of the certainty of their own income from accumulated surpluses, and read the published income taxes of those against whom the workers have struck. That published account of the possible wealth of the employers of labor very considerably lessens the pity the public entertains for the poor rich.

LORD CURZON belonged to the old order of British statesmen, born and bred to the business of ruling men, concerned in politics, with no base alloy of trade, labor problems, or social reforms. Foreign policy and empire filled his public career; two profitable American marriages supplemented the meager resources inherited from his father, an impoverished parson-peer. From childhood he was destined to a political career. Eton and Balliol, under Jowett, educated him. His academic life was one of great distinction and he early carried that somewhat overconscious sense of personal dignity which clung to him throughout his life and gave lasting vogue to the famous undergraduate verse:

> My name is George Nathaniel Curzon,
> I am a most superior person.
> My cheeks are pink, my hair is sleek,
> I dine at Blenheim every week.

Entering political life in his early twenties (an advantage mainly confined to the scions of the aristocracy), as a private secretary to Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, he soon ascended the ladder leading from an undersecretaryship to high ministerial rank. Fortified by a handsome person, wide travel in distant lands, some literary and oratorical reputation, he seemed destined for the highest places in the state. But he lacked some of the humbler, more commonplace qualities of social ease, tact, and judgment useful in the management of men, and his reputation and career suffered accordingly.

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THE OLD NAMES in America pass—in industrial as well as in social and political life. Twenty years ago the name of Gould was noted and notorious for its railway control and manipulation in the United States. Jay Gould laid the foundation for the family dominance by the purchase, in the years succeeding the Civil War, of a chain of railways, and before his death he controlled a trackage of more than 12,000 miles. Some of his methods were regarded as disreputable even for those days of unabashed "strong-arm" finance, but he passed on to his children one of the great railway systems of the country. The other day the last link of this system passed out of the family's control through the sale of Edwin Gould's interest in the St. Louis Southwestern to banking interests behind the Rock Island. The Goulds still own many railway shares, but they have lost all control. For this, family squabbles and incompetence have been in part responsible, but still more, probably, has been the inexorable pressure of economic tendency in this century to squeeze power out of the hands of our old captains of industry and lodge it with the modern manipulators of industry—the banks.

LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS, who has just retired to an emeritus professorship at Harvard, had a talent for friendship which is rare among the efficient deans of today. As dean of Harvard College, as chairman of the committee on athletics, as teacher of English, as president of Radcliffe College, he came in thirty-odd years of service into contact with thousands of students, yet none left his office—with the big dog curled at the dean's feet—without the sense that he had won a lifelong friend. He made the errant feel that he respected them. In Cambridge he has represented a fine old-fashioned individualism. He believed in Radcliffe when it was still scorned as the "Harvard Annex"; he saw, when his fellow-scholars were averse, the power of college athletics to awaken a lazy boy to his own best powers; yet he hated the regimentation which so often disguises itself as "college spirit." "When everybody in a university shouts at every ball game," he said, "athletics prosper, but culture pines." He had that faith in the individual boy, acting with few rules and little steering, which made the Eliot regime at Harvard a landmark in American university education.

A LONDON FIRE damaged Madame Tussaud's famous exhibition of wax-work on the night of March 18, temporarily closing a really historic institution. Not many years ago our own Eden Musée, having lost the reputation which it once had and become an anachronism which only the most provincial of country cousins still regarded as one of the sights of the city, was quietly removed to Coney Island, where it still thrives, but the Eden Musée never had the dignity of the London institution, whose founder, Madame Tussaud herself, knew wax-work in the days of its first glory and had associated with kings. The daughter of a Swiss surgeon famous for his anatomical models, she made portrait figures of some of the most famous men of the old regime in France, and finally took up her residence in Versailles itself, where she taught the sister of Louis XVI the then fashionable art. During the Revolution she made effigies of the popular leaders and of the most famous of their victims, but, coming under the suspicion of the Committee of Public Safety, she fled to England and there set up her museum. She died in 1850, but her son, her grandson, and her great-grandson have continued her tradition, keeping the museum up to date by the constant addition of figures representing the famous and infamous of the moment. In one of the most delightful of his early essays, Max Beerbohm describes the horror which the ghastly immobile perfection of the figures produced in him, and his reaction is typical of us moderns who have lost the taste for wax-work.

THE CROSS-WORD has conquered the world. England began by laughing at the American craze; she has succumbed. The *Weekly Westminster* prints very learned riddles, and the London penny papers are boosting circulation by cross-word puzzle prizes. The *Manchester Guardian* has made a poll of English libraries, which reveals that in one city a great puzzle-prize contest shot the weekly number of applications for reference books from 2,704 to 3,840. Other cities report similar leaps in the demand. Hull is alarmed lest it have to replace its costliest dictionaries. France has not yet succumbed, but across the Rhine even such staid journals as the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* publish weekly *Kreuzworträtsel*. America, of course, is deepest in. Messrs. Simon and Schuster, who have made unexpected profits from the amazing sale of their cross-word puzzle books, are now venturing to issue the *Cross-Word Puzzle Magazine*, with the cross-word champion's rules for success, articles on the rhea, the emu, and other cross-word puzzle birds, and a detective story with a cross-word mystery. Mr. Huebsch has gone further still; he has issued a cross-word puzzle novel, "The Long Green Gaze," with a murder mystery solved in eight puzzles—and the solutions (sealed, to avoid too much temptation) at the back of the book. The only thing left is for some enterprising radio station to begin broadcasting puzzles, offering prizes for the first correct solution telephoned back.

PROOF THAT THE WAVE of culture and refinement and good taste which is sweeping the United States is beginning to enter the portals of Mammon lies before us in the shape of an invitation to view the "Castilian Room" of a well-known restaurant. Now, is this chamber de luxe, especially intended for the world of fashion, fitted up in the garish, tasteless style familiar to those who frequent our mammoth hotels? No, indeed; no, indeed. The progress of good taste has swept far beyond that; the invitation begs us to view that Castilian Room "together with a charmingly cozy seating arrangement of Pullman-like conception intended to afford privacy and warmth of atmosphere." There you have the triumph of good taste—a Pullman-like conception. Doubtless the seats have the familiar green plush covering, the usual red-hot pipes beneath the seats giving that warmth of steamed atmosphere which makes Pullman traveling the height of bliss for most Americans. And the privacy of the Pullman car, who does not revel in it? How grateful that one can have this in a New York restaurant—without even those visions of shirtless, suspendered men and kimonaed women in curl papers, that mark a journey over night. Happy restaurant, happy New York! But as we write these lines a daily brings us the sad news that this very restaurant has "accepted a padlock" for thirty days because somebody has been caught drinking alcoholic beverages in its Pullman-like conception. Those thirty days will seem an eternity to all lovers of the artistic and the beautiful.

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Disarm Now, Mr. Coolidge

AN EVENT of extraordinary historical interest has just taken place in England—the abandonment of a policy and a tradition adhered to for at least three and a half centuries. Ever since the defeat of the Armada England has considered her "wooden walls" on sea, or their successors, the first line of her defense. Through them Britannia ruled the waves; upon them she staked her safety. It was always the navy first and the army, like Marryat's little boat, "a long way behind." And now it is officially admitted in Parliament that henceforth it is the air forces of Great Britain and not her battleships which constitute the first line of defense. At the very moment that General Mitchell is being disciplined in this country for advocating a unified air force Great Britain has established unity of command among its air forces. Explaining an extra appropriation of $10,000,000 for air defense, Sir Samuel Hoare, the Air Minister, declared that air fighting had brought about a revolution

> far greater than the revolution produced by the invention of gunpowder in the later Middle Ages; and for a country like ours which, up to a few years ago, depended for its defense almost entirely on the sea and its navy, this revolution means more than to any country in the world. . . . The central and undeniable fact is that an air force today . . . can make life well-nigh unendurable for popular living, mainly in the large cities.

No less than $101,500,000 were appropriated to make possible Sir Samuel's first steps toward trebling the present air fleet in order to make it superior to that of France.

So the historic competition in armaments between those two Channel neighbors is on again, precisely as if the blood of their lost millions had not intermingled in the World War. More than that, France is building up her navy at a greater speed than any other nation. Thus, she is today adding no less than 125 cruisers, destroyers, and submarines to her fleet, while England is building only 16 and her latest appropriations do not provide for any new construction whatever. The *Manchester Guardian* points out that the five chief signatory Powers to the Washington treaty are today constructing 289 cruisers, destroyers, and submarines—more than were under way prior to that conference. The *Guardian* also shows that naval architects everywhere are seeking to get around the treaty while keeping within its technical requirements. Take the cruisers, for instance, of which Japan is building eleven, the United States nine, Great Britain eight, France nine, and Italy five. Before the Washington Conference, a light cruiser could fire a broadside of 600 pounds, whereas the newest cruisers fire one of 2,226 pounds; they are no longer classed as light cruisers, and though their tonnage has been limited to 10,000 these ships are four times as formidable as those of 1921, and faster and better protected. In the field of the airplane carrier there has been a similar development.

Plainly, then, the hour is ripe for President Coolidge to move definitely toward the promised disarmament conference. We have repeatedly praised his refusal to be stampeded into armament competition by our generals and admirals—he has undoubtedly learned by this time that if they could they would have every American man and woman under arms or under military control. But he does not stop our loose-tongued militarists from spreading hatred and fear. Doubtless he is unaware of the testimony given by Major General Lejeune, commanding our Marine Corps, who not long ago boldly declared to the Naval Committee of the House that the General Staff is systematically working out plans for seizing all the islands in the Pacific on the route to Japan in the event of war. Writing on this question of Japan's naval policies the London *Nation* finds in Japan's fleet or building policy no suggestion that that country is contemplating an aggressive overseas campaign. On the contrary, her retention of her old-fashioned coast-defense ships, her refusal to build large submarines, destroyers, or 10,000-ton cruisers of wide steaming radius seems proof positive that Japan is preparing only for a defensive campaign. But while the London *Nation* acquits Japan of any design to carry on an overseas war, it dwells upon General Lejeune's testimony and the British threat of the Singapore base as examples of the very thing which, if kept up long enough, will inevitably frighten Japan and compel her to other plans and policies.

With Congress off his hands, Mr. Coolidge could now well afford to devote himself to working out with Mr. Kellogg and Senator Borah a plan for immediate action. Nor should he allow himself to be dismayed by the practical abandonment of the Geneva Protocol. That protocol would need many alterations before it could become a genuine covenant for peace. What Mr. Coolidge is aiming at is, first, further disarmament on sea—perhaps also in the air; then, an inquiry as to whether disarmament on land is feasible. The British Government has officially voiced its friendliness to the proposal. There are signs that it will be welcomed in Japan. If French politicians do not react favorably to the proposal Mr. Coolidge holds in his hands the means to interest them. At least it might be possible to inquire into the relationship of the building of 125 light vessels for the French navy, which played so undistinguished a part in the World War, with the steadfast refusal of the French Government to say what it will or will not do in the matter of even the interest on its huge debt to us. Why should the world be asked to wait any longer? Fifty-six years ago John Bright, that great peace-loving Englishman, made a suggestion to which no sane answer has yet been returned:

> I do not know whether it is a dream or a vision, or the foresight of a future reality that sometimes passes across my mind—I like to dwell upon it—but I frequently think the time may come when the maritime nations of Europe—this renowned country of which we are citizens, France, Prussia, resuscitated Spain, Italy, and the United States of America—may see that vast fleets are no use; that they are merely menaces offered from one country to another; and that they may come to this wise conclusion—that they will combine at their joint expense, and under some joint management, to supply the sea with a sufficient sailing and armed police which may be necessary to keep the peace on all parts of the watery surface of the globe, and that those great instruments of war and oppression shall no longer be upheld. This, of course, by many will be thought to be a dream or a vision, not the foresight of what they call a statesman.

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We and Our Parents

ONE of the standard debates among the learned economists is whether real wages have risen during the past generation. It was generally conceded that they had, until Paul Douglas, after profound statistical research, came forward, shortly after the war, to announce that they had not. Indeed, that they had fallen. Certain subsequent studies supported him, while others refuted him. The wrangle has since been general. Professor Douglas has recently brought his calculations up through 1923. He concludes that if the cost of living for the decade 1890 to 1899 be represented by the index number 100, the cost of living in the year 1923 works out to an index number of 281. Thus it costs 2.8 times as much in dollars for a worker to support his family today as it cost his father a generation ago. How far have wages in dollars risen to meet this increase? On the basis of earnings per hour, wages fell short of bridging the gap through the war years, but since 1919 they have gained sufficiently to make it appear that real wages on an hourly basis are now some 10 to 15 per cent greater than during the decade 1890-1899, and thus that the cost of living has been overtaken and beaten. *But*—there are two important buts in Professor Douglas's figures.

Hours worked per week having fallen markedly in the last thirty years, the pay-roll envelope carried home on Saturday night does not carry enough enhanced hourly dollars to hold the advantage. On a weekly basis the gain evaporates, the cost of living takes the lead, and "it seems probable that the American workingman can purchase less for the standard week's work today than during the nineties." Secondly, there are wide variations from the above general averages, when individual trades are considered. Unionized bakers and men's clothing workers have gained some 20 per cent on the cost of living; newspaper printers have lost; farm labor has lost 17 per cent, unskilled labor 20 per cent, packing-house workers 17 per cent, and government employees—abject and patient—no less than 47 per cent! Labor as a whole, according to Professor Douglas, has thus in a generation beaten out the cost of living on the basis of wages per hour, but lost on the basis of total weekly earnings, while as between trade and trade there is a wide variation of gains and losses.

This is all very interesting and very significant. But we have a "but" of our own. J. A. Hobson once observed that a full half the total field of economics remained unexplored—the jungle of consumption. The cost of living is not a fixed standard because of the changes in buying habits, in styles, fashions, wants, demands, which reach down even into the budget of the wayfaring men. Lacking a reasonably identifiable standard about which wages in dollars may revolve, changes in wage scale tend to lose their meaning. The whole problem becomes one in statistics rather than in life. When the statistics show that the wife of a clothing worker is better off than was her mother in the nineties, while the wife of a farm laborer is worse off, we still need to know what wives of workers deemed it necessary and respectable and fitting to their station to buy in the nineties, as against the same demands of wives today. Of course the comparison in any exact sense is impossible. We shift from raw foods to canned foods, from cotton stockings to silk stockings, from flats with elbow room to flats like dungeon cells, from gas and kerosene to electricity, from bar-rooms to movies, from bicycles to flivvers, from bulk goods to package goods, from plug tobacco to tooth-powder, from home-made hats to bargain-counter hats, from petticoats to knickers—or from nickelodeons to radios, from polkas in the Redmen's Hall to jazz bands, from shag to cigarettes. . . . Does a modern steel riveter and his family get more out of life than his blacksmith father? Who knows? He gets more stuff, more fluff, more inspired attention from the national advertiser, more plush and fumed-oak furniture on the instalment plan—but his clothes are probably less durable, his housing is more congested, his food is shrunken amid gorgeous containers. His light is better, his water is better, his amusements are increasingly standardized and deadening, his transit connections are, in large cities, unspeakably worse.

So with all respect to the unceasing labors of Professor Douglas and his statistical colleagues, we are not prepared either to point with pride or to view with alarm, until some even more daring economist invades the waste places of consumption standards, and compares this generation with the last on the basis of the utility and the satisfactions which the wage-earner gets for his hourly and weekly dole of dollars.

The Old War in France

IT is nearly half a century since Gambetta, in one of the famous speeches of French history, cried "Clericalism —that is the enemy." He meant that the Catholic church in France was the enemy of the republic, the bulwark of the effort to restore the monarchy; and he was right. In the intervening fifty years the unholy alliance between the church and reaction has never ceased to cast a baleful shadow over French politics. It used to be said that whenever a radical deputy could think of nothing else to do he could win votes by baiting the curé, and the records bear it out. Almost the only bond of union that has kept together the amorphous party called in France "Radical-Socialist," which has dominated French politics for two decades, is its consistent anti-clericalism. So when the cardinals of France threw down the gage of battle to Premier Herriot a few weeks ago they gave him an issue on which he was sure to win.

France is sometimes called a Catholic country, but Catholic writers do not claim more than eleven or twelve million practicing Catholics in a population of forty millions. Few of the rest are Protestants or Jews; an amazing number are avowed freethinkers; a still larger proportion hate the church through most of their lives but prudently baptize their children and arrange for a Christian burial. Two great struggles have left their impression: first, the struggle after the war of 1870 to establish the Third Republic, in which the clerical groups openly supported the monarchists; then, the epic course of the Dreyfus Affair, in which Catholics, anti-Semites, monarchists, and militarists united to defeat justice for a pitiful young army officer. After the first struggle Jules Ferry began the laicization of education. After the second struggle came the Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes laws, culminating, under Aristide Briand in 1905, in the abolition of the Concordat, the separation of church and state, the suppression of the

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French embassy at the Vatican, the expulsion of the teaching orders, and the secularization of their property. These measures made France more than non-Catholic—more anti-Catholic in policy than England or the United States.

In the decade preceding the war no French statesman would have dared enter a Catholic church. But the Catholics so proved their loyalty during the war that Poincaré as President, and Clemenceau as Prime Minister—the latter a bitter anti-clerical in his day—paid tributes to the Catholic clergy and participated at Catholic ceremonies. After the war the bloc-national ministries began to undo the work of secularization. Briand restored the Embassy at the Vatican, and Poincaré made other concessions. In Alsace-Lorraine they retained the German system, based on the Napoleonic Concordat, which made Alsace a Catholic country. The public schools were continued as "confessional schools," and there were Protestant or Jewish schools only in large centers; the priests or parsons had the right to enter any class at any time to ascertain whether anything contrary to good doctrine was being taught. A parent whose child did not attend religious instruction might be sent to prison for ten days; and some avowed freethinkers were not permitted to enter the normal schools.

But in Alsace, as in the interior of France, the Clericals had allied themselves with the Conservatives; and Herriot's advent to power, following the liberal elections of last May, made a change inevitable. He discontinued the papal embassy—although compromising by retaining a chargé d'affaires to deal with Alsatian affairs; and he seems to be proceeding toward a gradual "assimilation" of Alsace to the secular state of the rest of France. The first step was to create "interconfessional schools," where the priests exercise no special surveillance, and where religious instruction is given only at set hours and as the parents wish. Thereupon burst the storm which had been brewing. For months the Catholics, led by the fire-eating General de Castelnau, have been holding tremendous demonstrations all over France, and at some of these meetings, Herriot charges, they have made threats of open rebellion. The cardinals and bishops of France recently joined in an open and bitter attack upon the government policy. And finally the Bishop of Strasbourg has instructed Alsatian parents to keep their children away from the interconfessional schools upon pain of excommunication. The "school strike" seems to have fizzled in the cities, but it was effective in many of the villages; and when the question of church and state came up in the Chamber a row was certain. That it would lead to fisticuffs and open battle on the floor of the French Parliament could not have been predicted, but it was no surprise to those familiar with the bitterness of the secularist debate throughout the history of the Third Republic.

Liberal movements have arisen from time to time among French Catholics. There were the *ralliés* of the nineties, who broke ranks and rallied to the republic; there was the "Sillon" in the next decade; and the leader of that movement, Marc Sangnier, has since the war developed in "La jeune République" one of the most significant young people's movements in all Europe. But the heads of the church have given scant encouragement to such efforts toward liberalization within its ranks. They have preferred to play politics, and reactionary politics at that, and they have suffered as the church always suffers when religion becomes the football of politicians.

The Censored Audience

"DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS" is being witnessed in New York these evenings by at least two kinds of people who in the course of nature would never have gone to see it and who clearly had not heard of it before the censors began to discuss its morals. A glance over the audience as it assembles in the big theater into which the play has been forced is disquieting. For the audience is obviously a vulgar one. It is restless and noisy; it chews gum; and it seems to have come for a kind of good time which Mr. O'Neill's tragedy was certainly never written to give. As the lights darken and the curtain goes up it settles into its seat in complacent expectation of a thrill. The characters appear; very soon they are involved in a complication which can promise nothing on earth save conflict and profound suffering; the emotions of pity and terror of which Aristotle spoke are authentically invoked. Here is at least a sort of thrill—if one wishes at all to call it that.

Evidently, however, this is not what most of the audience came for. They are responding, but not to that. As they listen they titter; and at more or less regular intervals they guffaw. A remnant of reasonable spectators endeavors for a time to hush them, only to discover that nothing will hush them. They are there to laugh, and laugh they will; even at that critical moment when Abby, driven by her starved desire, creeps into Eben's room they giggle because she wears an old-fashioned nightgown and because she is entering the room of a man who is not her husband. Not until near the close, when a baby is murdered, do they seem to suspect that they have come to a serious play. Then, to be sure, they are stricken to silence; and the actors, who with the author have suffered insult for two solid hours, are allowed to have their way.

Another kind of intruder is also there and, although he is not obstreperous like his brother, he is quite as obnoxious. He sits very solemnly through the performance—not a little uncomfortable at the crises, not a little nonplussed at the conclusion. As he leaves the theater he is overheard saying to his wife: "Well, it was emotional, and all that; but what does it teach?"

Here is proof that censorship of literature is both pernicious and stupid. Through its campaign for clean plays the New York *World* has infested the theater with two fools—one who comes hoping that the author has been immoral and one who comes assured by a play-jury that he has been most moral indeed. Neither is interested in art. The laughter at "Desire Under the Elms" these nights is plainly prurient laughter. The laughers plainly believe that they are at another bedroom farce the intention of whose creator is to titillate them with something more than safety and something less than passion. If such an agitation as the *World* has made has not positively increased the number of such persons, at any rate it has sent them to plays which their presence defiles. And the solemn citizen whose place is in the home behind a volume of tabloid sermons is sent on a fool's errand after one more text by which to regulate his life. Thus the puddle of society is stirred, not strained; and thus it is forgotten that although art may have everything to do with morals it has nothing to do with the morals of police commissioners and newspaper reformers.

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Count Karolyi and America

By CHARLES A. BEARD

[*The State Department, which, at the request of the present rulers of Hungary, first refused Count Michael Karolyi permission to speak or write, has modified its dictum to the extent of permitting him to speak, but not on politics. The American Civil Liberties Union gave a luncheon in his honor at the Hotel Astor, New York City, on March 7, attended by 600 persons. Mr. Beard made the following address, which so stirred the audience that it rose and cheered.* The Nation *sent a copy of it to Mr. Hughes offering to print his comment, but has received no reply.*]

IT is not my purpose to answer the critics of our distinguished guest or to pass judgment on the merits of any political controversy in Hungary. I intend merely to consider the American rights involved in the case and to join in the protest against a decision of the State Department that insults our intelligence—a decision to the effect that we are not morally fit to hear anything that our guest may care to say on any subject. I am here to lift up my voice against the executive order under which this action was taken, against the measure of Congress on which it is based, against the war statute in which this new form of tyranny originated, against the whole tendency of Congress to confer on the President blanket authority over matters of life and liberty, against the practice of intrusting autocratic powers, without definite boundaries and headlands, to obscure bureaucrats in Washington.

The present case is but one straw showing the winds of tendency. During the past decade officers of the Government of the United States have bullied and beaten citizens and aliens beyond the limits of decency. They have arrested persons without warrant, on gossip and suspicion. They have inflicted cruel and unusual punishments on them. They have entered houses and searched premises and documents without any shadow of justification or authority. They have destroyed and carried off private property. They have coerced and terrorized prisoners, innocent and guilty alike. They have held citizens in prison without granting them the right of immediate communication with friends and counsel. They have made wholesale raids worthy of Huns and Cossacks. They have let loose thousands of irresponsible spies to hound and persecute innocent citizens engaged in attending to their own business. They have employed provocative agents to stir up some of the crimes they are charged to prevent. They have admitted favorites to the files of the departments in search for evidence to employ in satisfying private hatreds. They have engaged agents to compile memoranda designed to brand loyal citizens with the horrid taint of treason. They have allowed their lower minions to blazon on the first pages of the newspapers as outlaws and moral lepers citizens whose sole offense has been the exercise of lawful rights in a manner not pleasing to the powers and potentates in Washington. The present occupant in the White House has set his name and his sanction to an article filled with false and outrageous insinuations against American citizens as loyal and devoted to our country as he is himself. He has allowed the spokesmen of the War Department to harry American women engaged in the lawful—if unwise—business of appealing to the humane sentiments of the American people.

And where have been the pillars of society—the bishops, the clergy, the college presidents, and the self-constituted guardians of American institutions? Where have been the great lawyers—the Erskines of America—ready to dare the wrath of kings and the stones of mobs and write immortal pages in the history of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence? Where have been the judges of the high courts? Echo answers: Where?

In a word, it is with the almost unanimous sanction of the so-called great and good, the Government of the United States has set these precedents. And these precedents threaten the destruction of constitutional freedom in the next great crisis that comes upon us. This is not my dictum. It does not rest on my poor researches. It is based upon an authority so high and so commanding that even the State Department may take notice. Speaking to the Harvard law alumni on a rare June day in 1920, one of the first jurists and finest patriots in America said:

> We went to war for liberty and democracy with the result that we fed the appetite for autocracy. Through a fiction permissible only because the courts cannot know what everyone else knows, we have seen the war powers, which are essential to the preservation of the nation in time of war, exercised broadly after the military exigency had passed and in conditions for which they were not intended, and we may well wonder in view of the precedents now established whether constitutional government as heretofore maintained in this republic could survive another great war even victoriously waged.

Who is the jurist and patriot who made that declaration? The Hon. Charles E. Hughes.

There he told us of the precedents that threaten the destruction of constitutional government, the precedents which we condemn today. There he also announced the principles upon which we rely in protesting against this new precedent that feeds the appetite for autocracy—this precedent which he has himself set in a time of peace, calmly and deliberately, against the pleas of his fellow-citizens. In condemning this action, we merely appeal from Mr. Hughes drunk with power at Washington to Mr. Hughes sober with solemn thought about the future of America in the academic groves at Harvard. He protests against autocratic precedents in war time. So do we. He protests against the use of the war powers in time of peace. So do we. It is the practice which he condemned at Harvard which we condemn now. Then he condemned use of war statutes in time of peace, the use of powers in conditions for which they were not intended. Now he does what he then condemned and defends his action on principles he then proscribed. And he has not done this secretly or inadvertently. On the contrary, when the issue is made plain to him he justifies his decision by referring us to a war statute, made in war time, for war purposes—and continued in time of peace when, if the Constitution is obeyed, the war powers are silent.

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The true character of the miserable business is revealed by an examination of the law to which Mr. Hughes so grandly refers us. Take the statutes of the United States for the year in question and plow through them to page 1217. What do you find? An act standing out boldly on the page and setting forth the rights of aliens entering the United States? Not at all. There you find an act making appropriations for the diplomatic and consular service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922. And where is the clause toward which Mr. Hughes waves his hand? It is near the end, tucked away in a single appropriation item, a few lines continuing the war act of May 22, 1918, relative to the admission of aliens. Did the noble Congress of freemen in Washington boldly face the issue and reenact the law in question separately and in the full light of day? No, they stuck it away obscurely in the end of an appropriation bill so that the Secretary of State could pull it out at pleasure and by his own will set a new precedent—one of the many which raise the question whether constitutional government as we know it can survive many years of war or peace, even victoriously waged.

And what is the act of May 22, 1918, which thus creeps into the laws of peace like a thief in the night? It is entitled "An act to prevent in time of war departure from or entry into the United States contrary to public safety." This measure, passed in the great days of the war for liberty and democracy, opens by saying: "That when the United States is at war, if the President shall find that the public safety requires" he may by proclamation put restrictions on the admission of aliens to the United States at his pleasure—restrictions in addition to those already laid down in law. This is an act passed in war time, expressly for war purposes, and limited on its face to a period when the United States is at war—this is the act which Congress continued under the cover of an appropriation bill.

This is the high sanction to which the former Harvard orator now appeals in justification for an action dependent in fact solely on his own judgment—an action for which he alone must assume responsibility. On entering the State Department he had a splendid opportunity before him. He could have done what his courageous colleague, the Hon. Harlan F. Stone, did on taking office, and at one stroke swept away the accumulated vermin of a decade. But he chose deliberately another course. And in this case instead of making a generous interpretation of the authority conferred upon him by law and setting a noble precedent for all time, he gave comfort to the enemies of liberty. He insulted our guest and he insulted us by a mean and narrow exercise of power—one meaner and narrower than a bold and defiant exclusion of the stranger at his gates. He admits the alien, but under offensive restrictions that savor of the atmosphere of the hospital and lunatic asylum rather than of the air of America—the land that gave to the world Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln. We shall not forget it. History will take note of it.

In lodging our complaint against the ruling of the State Department in this case, we can also appeal to a great precedent in a great American tradition. By a curious turn of fate that precedent relates to another distinguished Hungarian. In 1848 Europe was devastated by a wide-sweeping revolution. Champions of liberty in Hungary raised the banner of revolt and declared their independence. Russian despotism came to the aid of Austrian despotism. Reaction followed. The revolution was tramped out in blood. Kossuth fled for his life to Turkey, where he was lodged in prison.

Did the Government of the United States wait for him to come and beg admission? Did it haggle with him in a manner worthy of a street beggar? On the contrary, the Congress of the United States passed a resolution asking the President to put an American battleship at Kossuth's disposal. The President of the United States sent the steam frigate Mississippi for him and brought him away from his prison. After a sojourn in England, Kossuth sailed on an American ship to this country. His enemies pursued him. They accused him of having stolen money in his youth to pay a gambling debt. They charged him with arrogance, cowardice, and duplicity. Did America exclude him as an undesirable alien? On the contrary, the people greeted him with acclaim. The mayor and city council of New York welcomed him with open arms. American women collected money for him and his cause. The Secretary of State, Daniel Webster, greeted him cordially. He was received by the President, by the Senate, and by the House of Representatives. A Congressional dinner was given in his honor. Daniel Webster, oblivious to proprieties, attended the dinner, and in an impassioned speech boldly aligned himself on the side of Hungarian independence. The imperial Austro-Hungarian Government looked on with unconcealed anger. Its embassy in Washington lodged official protest. Ignoring Webster, it appealed directly to the President. And did the Government of the United States haul down its flag? Did the State Department take orders from a foreign government in a matter pertaining to civil liberty in America? It did not. It stood fast. The imperial spokesman in Washington, Hülsemann, threw up his post and left the capital in a huff. The Government of the United States still lived.

The papers in this case are in the State Department. A portrait of the immortal Webster hangs near by, and, as Wendell Phillips would say, I wonder that his beetling brow did not darken and his pictured lips did not rebuke the recreant Hughes pouring his patent disinfectant over the passport of the new Hungarian revolutionist.

It is, therefore, in the name of the best American principles and practices that we demand a reversal of the ruling in this new Hungarian case, a repeal of the law under which it was nominally made, an indignant repudiation of the spirit in which it was conceived, and the substitution of precise legal terms for the whim of federal officials. We demand this as the first instalment in the restoration of the freedom declared by our fathers. In a dramatic hour, when liberty hung in the balance, Lincoln, begging the people to reject the Dred Scott decision and reconstruct the supreme court that made it, summed up the whole gospel: "Familiarize yourselves with the chains of bondage and you prepare your own limbs to wear them."

In taking our stand with Lincoln, we invoke no abstract rights, no alien ideas, no utopian theories. We rely upon American traditions, practices, and laws of older and nobler days; upon that reasoned liberty which alone can guarantee the safe and happy development of our country through all the troublous years of the future.

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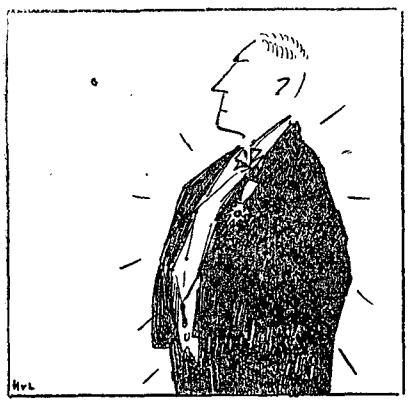
Our Nordic Myth-Makers

(The Fifth Article of the Series on The Nordic Myth)

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

MY friend Bill returned from Europe with a noble war record and a game leg. He deserved a holiday and went to his folks in Missouri to recuperate. Six days later he was back. I asked him what the matter was.

"Hell," said Bill, anticipating "What Price Glory" by four years.



"What was the trouble? Did they want you to tell them all about the war?"

"Much worse. They insisted upon telling me all about it."

"That must have been interesting. And how much did they get straight?"

"Well, they knew that Europe lies due east of the United States. Beyond that, their information was a bit hazy."

"Why didn't you tell them?"

"Tell them? I tried to tell them. Tried hard. But the moment I opened my mouth, they called me a liar."

"How could they when you had been there and they had not?"

"Their minister had read about it in a magazine."

Then I took Bill tenderly by the hand and conducted him (for this was in the Maryland Free State) to a glass of beer. Neither of us is particularly fond of beer, but three per cent of alcohol on such occasions is better than none.

This unfortunate Nordic business is on a par with my friend Bill's adventures.

It happens that personally I am Exhibit A, the one and original 100 per cent Nordic, and that my people had bowling alleys in this part of the world years and years before the Puritan started his regime of spiritual Schrecklichkeit on the bleak shores of that stretch of water which my esteemed ancestors naively called the North Sea and which later generations call Cape Cod Bay.

If that were not the case, I would probably be requested to go back to the ghetto whence I came. For the dissenter upon the subject of the Nordic theory is the heretic of the year 1924 and "haereticos comburi" is still a favorite sport with many people who ardently believe in free speech, provided the opinions expressed by their adversaries do not clash with their own prejudices.

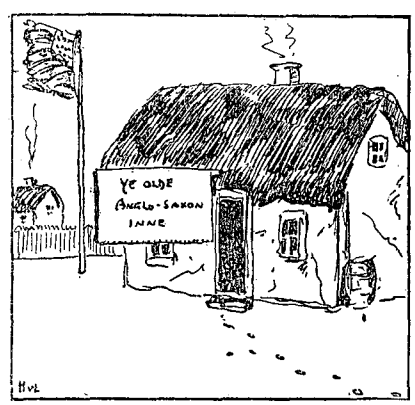
Let me interrupt myself and get one point clear before I proceed to the next.

I have no fault to find with those learned doctors who have presented the world with the strange theory of white superiority. The more clashes of opinion, the merrier. But I will call them all the names Brother Sumner allows us to use in public when they proclaim that their "guess" is an established fact, accepted by all the professors of anthropology, and when they use their own pet prejudice to stir up a general racial war.

It has been my fortunate fate to live in some fourteen countries under a dozen different forms of government. And I have spent the greater part of my waking hours these last forty years trying to discover something about that curious mammal which God, in His almighty mercy, allows to continue on a planet which it has so terribly defiled by its greed and cruelty. But I have come to the conclusion that the world today is quite as much at sea regarding the true nature of race as it was a generation ago. The only conclusion we seem to have reached is this: that without exception every nation (using the expression in the sense of little bits of green and purple and yellow and blue blotches upon a map) is composed of good and bad and indifferent citizens, that good Chinamen and good Danes and good Papuans are good Chinamen and good Danes and good Papuans, and that bad Chinamen and bad Danes and bad Papuans are bad Chinamen and bad Danes and bad Papuans.

In short, it is apparently becoming more and more clear that all generalities about race are misleading and that they will continue to be misleading until we shall know a lot more about the last million years than we do at present. Meanwhile, it is respectfully suggested that we make the best of the unpleasant muddle which has been presented to us and do some watchful waiting at the cradle of humanity.

It is the accursed fate of the "true liberal" to be an object of pity and detestation to both radicals and reactionaries. The Pfefferkorns (look Johann up, my friends, he is worth a little study) who are at the head of Ye Olde Anglo-Saxon Buncombe Shoppe, have by this time cross-indexed me as a German, a Bolshevik, a Turkish, and a Flemish menace. They have omitted reference to my previous state of servitude because they have it on excellent authority that I was forced to "flee from Holland at the tender age of sixteen for participation in a plot to abduct the Princess Juliana." As the poor child was then still fourteen years in abeyance the dates seem a bit vague. But as Paul said to Peter, "What are a few miracles between friends?" Or, what is the truth between patriots? And so we proceed to the next chapter, to wit, the radicals.



They, too, have their grievances. I am not truly one of their number. I only look it because I am addicted to red neckties and profanity. But in my heart of hearts I harbor violent racial prejudices, and I have been heard to say that I feel really most at home when I am with my own color, sort, and variety of people and that I have little faith in the future of those societies which want to arrange indiscriminate Sängerfests for Moors, Eskimos, New Englanders, and Russians. I

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answer that I have a grievance against both sides, because they are both utterly self-conscious of race and make a terrible fuss over a matter which ought to be very simple. Whatever hopes I may have for the future of the world, I am obliged to live in the present, and for the present (so it seems to me) we shall be best off if we establish our internationalism upon a basis of polite nationalism.

The Middle Ages lived according to that principle and on the whole managed very nicely. You were a Venetian or a Finn or a Cypriot, and you carried your Venetianism or your Finnism or your Cypriotery with you wherever you went and wore a fez or embroidered slippers or a red silk cape. Then, having established the fact that through the accident of birth and climate and rainfall and diet and religious bringing-up you were different, you forgot about it and enjoyed yourself in such company as was yours to enjoy for the time being. Because you could be openly conscious of your foreignness you need not pretend that you were secretly unconscious of it. And it made the business of living amicably with one's neighbors a great deal easier.

Now all that has been changed and as a result we have the great Nordic myth. It is a godsend to many people. It gives the progeny of beer-drinking peasants a chance to lord it over the progeny of a wine-drinking peasantry in the name of certain racial doxologies which bear the same relation to Truth as the autobiography of a Russian statesman. It flatters the pride of our Babbitteria Rusticana and it incites the village idiots of New England or California to think themselves infinitely superior to their hard-working Japanese and Portuguese neighbors.

Please understand me. I might disapprove of a society which boldly proclaimed "We hate to see fellows with brown skins; we are against citizens with Hittite noses; we shall never accept as our equals those not conceived in original gin but born among the smiling vineyards of the Mediterranean lands." I might disapprove of such an association. I might deeply regret that some of our fellow-citizens were quite as narrow-minded as all that. But this is a free land. Each one of us is entitled to his own opinion. Provided, therefore, that these good folks did not come and trample upon my private preserves, they could hire every hall in Greater New York for the propagation of their ideas.

But let them be honest and let them explain that they are grinding their own little axes and that they are not engaged in furthering a scientific solution to the world's manifold difficulties. What harm can it do them to speak out openly? The French Government will give them a decoration just the same. The Sulgrave Institute will see to it that they are invited by at least two earls, no matter what they have printed. The Roosevelt family will send them free copies of Papa's latest book, regardless of consequences.

I repeat, let them have the courage of their convictions and join the K. K. K. That excellent organization, with all its mummery, is entirely open and aboveboard. "We want all the business we can get," so it proclaims, "and we don't want to hustle in competition with Niggers and Jews and Catholics."

That, at least, is plain English.

The Limited Market

By JOHN A. HOBSON

INTELLIGENT industrialists in every country will give the same explanation of their inability to run their plant at its full capacity all the time. Experience shows us, they will say, that the market does not expand rapidly enough to keep pace with our full capacity of output, without such a collapse of prices as makes it impossible to cover costs, to say nothing of making profits. Particular businesses, like Henry Ford's, favored by an abnormal elasticity of demand, may for a time set this rule at defiance, and go ahead with falling prices, falling costs, and increasing profits. But such an exception only proves the rule. If all Henry Ford's competitors had simultaneously adopted the same business tactics, both they and he would have been pulled up long ago. The able financiers of industry, who by trusts, cartels, pools, and other combinations, regulate and allot output and markets, know what they are doing. They are well aware that, if they let loose the full productive powers at their command, the bottom would fall out of the market, and they would be landed with large stocks of goods unsalable at any price. It is true that their restraint of output is also regulated by the desire to secure for themselves the highest net profits which the economies of combination and the control of prices enable them to take. But the other motive is an equally potent factor in their business policy. In industries where free competition among business survives, a common instinct of defense often imposes a precautionary policy of short time, or slacking off, so as to avert the sharper check which otherwise awaits a too prolonged bout of high production. The fears of productivity thus attested derive from a firm and general belief in a limited market, the inability of effective demand for goods to keep quick, easy, and full pace with each expansion of supply. Economists, confronted with this belief, so discordant with their simple doctrine that every product must either be consumed by those who make it or else pass by exchange to others who will consume it, often deny the generality of this tendency to overproduction. It is, they plead, only a mistaken overapplication of productive power in certain directions, with a corresponding underapplication in others. But when challenged during trade depressions to point out which avenues of investment or production are underprovided they are dumb. Keen financiers and investors doubtless make mistakes, but not upon the scale required to give validity to this objection. The plain fact is that modern capitalism is brought up short against the very real obstacle of a limited market.

This obstacle not only molds the policy of business men and of workers. Its menace more and more directs the course of politics. We have already noted how tariffs cripple productivity, alike national and international, by restricting division of labor. But this result does not figure as a conscious motive for tariff mongers. What they are primarily concerned with is securing for themselves the profitable monopoly of their national market. But why should they want to sell all their goods at home instead

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of selling them abroad on equally advantageous terms, and why should they be afraid of other goods coming into their national market from other countries? If they had any confidence in the profitable sale of all their output in the world market they might still desire to overcharge their fellow-countrymen, by keeping out competing foreign goods (this overcharging they are able to regard as patriotism!), but they would hardly be able to get sufficient support from their fellow-citizens to enable them to realize this natural desire. Protection is made possible by the general belief that there is not enough market to take up all the available supplies of goods, and that, therefore, it is well to secure the home market for the home producer. Hence, voters are made to feel that foreign business men and merchants who try to send goods that are a little cheaper or better than our own, into our markets for our consumers to buy, are doing something inimical to our true interests, and ought to be restrained. Each nation says in effect: "Our productive powers are so great that we cannot expect to find a full, reliable, and profitable market for them, if they are brought into competition with the productive powers of other nations; therefore, let us secure our national markets for our nationals, together with such foreign markets as can be obtained under the conditions of this game as practiced by these other nations."

There are two distinguishable results of this doctrine and policy. The first is protectionism. It is significant that one of the first fruits of a war to end war has been the creation of a number of new tariff barriers by the liberated states of the Austro-Hungarian and Russian empires, and the endeavors of the victorious Allies to preserve war animosities in post-war trade relations by restricting access to ex-enemy goods in their own markets, while demanding easy or free entrance for their goods into ex-enemy markets. This near-Christian doctrine that "it is more blessed to give than to receive" has many humorous, because unconscious, applications in our present economic situation. The elaborate political maneuvers of the Allies for refusing to receive the reparation goods which they insistently demand, the comical pretense of America that she wants payment of her European debts, while at the same time refusing access to the goods by which alone real payment can be made, are plain examples of the hold which the concept of a "limited market" has got upon the business world.

But the gravest menace to world peace and productivity does not lie in the maintenance of tariffs by countries long inured to protection, or in the hasty foolishness of little European states inflated with new independence. The establishment in Britain of a strong government, devoted to the reversal of the free-trade policy which for three-quarters of a century has governed the trade relations between the British Empire and the rest of the world, must, to any one who understands the dominant part trade plays in foreign policy, counteract all the efforts of supporters of a League of Nations, an International Court, or other instruments of pacific internationalism. The temporary disclaimers of general protection should deceive nobody. The proposals of the British Government to extend the Safeguarding of Industries Act, so as to furnish tariff aid to any "substantial" trade exposed to "exceptional competition," can easily expand into the framework of a general protection of British manufactures. For "exceptional competition" is already interpreted to cover, not only the depressed rates of exchange that were the original pretext for the existing act but foreign bounties, lower wages, lower tax burdens, or any other favoring circumstance affecting any portion of the imports from any one of the countries contributing to the import trade. All experience goes to show how certain such safeguards are to spread from one industry to another, for it will be easy for trade organizations in England, as elsewhere, to persuade compliant and credulous politicians or inexpert officials that some unfair or "exceptional" conditions favor certain foreign products that seek entrance to our national markets.

But damaging as such a tariff upon manufacturing imports would be to the consuming public in Britain, and to foreign manufacturers and exporters suddenly deprived of a large, valuable free foreign market, an even graver peril attaches to the other section of the new British policy, that which contemplates the withdrawal of the whole British Empire from free commercial relations with the outside world, in order to build it into the semblance of a self-sufficing economic system. What a wildly preposterous ideal underlies this scheme, it would need a statistical analysis of British commerce, here impossible, to make manifest. It is with the more general implications of economic imperialism that we are here concerned.

The full economic significance of modern imperialism did not appear until the eighties of last century. For not until then did the continent of Europe and the United States, equipped with modern machinery of manufacture and communication, begin to enter upon their full career of competition in the world market. Hitherto Britain had substantially maintained her position as "workshop of the world." Her widespread empire and command of the sea had seemed to make secure that commercial supremacy, and her continual expansion in Africa and Asia had aroused little animosity from other nations, not yet equipped for competition in markets which Britain could afford to leave open to all comers.

The conscious competitive imperialism of the eighties, directed primarily to the carving up of unappropriated Africa into protectorates and spheres of influence, and followed in the nineties by a similar policy pursued by Britain, France, Germany, Japan, in the Asiatic continent, marked a novel and dangerous phase in the economic determination of history. For, apart from the pride and pomp of power, it meant the new realization of a definite control of the foreign policy and public force of each great state by the organized interests of traders and financiers in that state. This control, it may be rightly said, was not a new phenomenon. But it acquired a new intensity and became a clearer-sighted policy, as business passed more and more from ordinary processes of trade to investment and development of overseas resources. Henceforth the delicate diplomacy of foreign policy became more and more absorbed in helping to secure favorable trade terms, treaty ports, railroad and mining concessions in backward countries, or in converting "hinterlands" or "spheres of legitimate aspiration" into useful business propositions under the protection of the imperial flag. More and more did sound business demand annexation, open or implied, in order that the capital of nationals might be safely and lucratively invested in developing foods and raw materials to exchange for the growing surpluses of manufactured goods which their factories and workshops were turning

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out. The pressure of expanding production, the twofold competition for markets in which to sell and buy, directed more and more by powerful, organized financiers, wielding the diplomatic and ultimately the armed forces of their nation for the improvement of their commercial and financial status, and envisaged as national security and progress, have molded more and more the destiny of modern nations. This policy in its wake carries competing armaments and inevitable wars, always visualized as protective or defensive necessities by each participant. I am not here concerned with the larger human implications of the situation, but with the simple fact that all these conflicts of diplomacy, foreign policy, armaments, and war flow mainly from the universal belief in a limited market, the apparent inability of the business classes to sell at any profitable margin all the goods which can be made by the machinery and labor which they control. In other words, although production only exists to supply the needs of consumers, the rate of consumption habitually lags behind the rate of possible production, so that much actual and much more potential producing power is wasted. Elsewhere I have argued out this paradox at length. Here I will only appeal to the common knowledge of the business world for acceptance of the proposition that production in the great industries normally tends to outrun consumption. It is more difficult to sell than to buy. In other words, efficient demand is not quick enough, or full enough, to respond to increased productivity.

This is why the theory of pitting productivity against better distribution, as a remedy for poverty and discontent, is fallacious. Better distribution is essential to higher productivity. That is why wage cuts, as a means of lowering "costs," are bad economy. For only by a more equal and equitable distribution of the product can we get either of two conditions that make higher productivity a feasible policy. Workers neither will, nor can, attain and apply to production their fullest and best powers, unless they have secured to them a larger share in the product than our economic system at present secures to them in most communities.

The second reason why better distribution is indispensable to greater productivity is that this alone can insure the regular rise of stable standards of consumption to correspond with and keep pace with every increase of output. Only when income, or right to the product, is widespread and equitably distributed will popular consumption make the constant progress needed to maintain full productivity of industry. Great inequality of distribution introduces two disturbing factors. The first is an attempt at the automatic saving and investment of a larger proportion of the income of the rich than can actually function in making provision for future productivity. The second is the irregular and wasteful application of large elements of income to the production and purchase of luxurious goods and services, always fluctuating in their nature, and so stamping their futility and irregularity upon large subservient classes of producers.

Equitable distribution is thus linked inseparably with high productivity, for only by liberating consumption from its shackles can the limitation of the market be removed.

[*This is the second of a series of articles in which Mr. Hobson discusses current economic policies. The next article will deal with "Socialism" in Britain and America.*]

Dead Caesars

By HOWARD S. BENEDICT

"MR. SPEAKER, of a surety, Death is no respecter of persons; he visits alike the hovels of the poor, the palaces of the rich, and the halls of Congress."

As a result of this lack of consideration on the part of the Grim Reaper, here deplored by Representative Charles R. Crisp of Georgia, portions of the *Congressional Record* have been written in tears and soothing syrup. The Congressman who hits straight from the shoulder in weekday sessions with such unvarnished terms as:

> I want to say to my friend from Kentucky, Do not sit back at the table over there and continue to bluff us; we are trying to do something for the farmers and the live-stock people. . . . Do not sit there as if you had four aces and a six-shooter with your continuous bluff when you have nothing but a bobtailed flush. (Laughter and applause.)

is apt, during the Sunday sessions, to resort to his most flowery rhetoric. The writer has waded through the memorial services of the last two Congresses and presents to those who assert that our lawmakers lack imagination the following examples of their soaring fancies; here one Representative warms up to his task:

> Mr. Speaker and distinguished colleagues, at three o'clock and five minutes post meridian (Pacific time), February 8, 1923, in the beautiful city of Los Angeles, known in the days when the Spanish dons held sway over the broad domains of California as "La Ciudad de Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles," meaning, translated, the City of Our Lady of the Angels, there passed from the membership of the Parliament of this great republic to the parliament of eternal life gathered around the throne everlasting one of God's mightiest noblemen, our beloved friend and colleague, Hon. Henry Zenas Osborne of California.

Another way of describing a Congressional departure:

> He merely sailed away in the hush of the pale twilight through the purple shadow out on the ebbing tide into the unknown sea, on toward the far-off mystic isles, where in a safe anchorage lie the craft of those who have gone before.

After the demise—to use a figure of Congressional speech—of one Representative, his most intimate friend tells that as near as the deceased parliamentarian ever came to swearing (and he hastens to add that he has seen him as mad as he ever became) was to say, "By gracious!" That, he asserts, was his watchword. . . .

A characteristic of many of the Congressional late lamented, I found, was their hatred of sham, insincerity, and demagogy. As proof for the skeptical, I offer this example of the courageous manner in which one statesman denounced those vices:

> He hated sham and he hated demagogy. I have seen him on this floor when some remarks were made that seemed to him to have a touch of demagogy or insincerity when he would immediately rise and walk erectly from the Chamber. In the cloakroom he would denounce the sham and insincerity in unmeasured terms.

In the table given below, which was compiled from the eulogies of twenty-one deceased legislators, you find the meager figures on Congressional virtue:

Possessed invincible courage	14
Their lives were gentle	13
A loss to the nation	11
Indefatigably served their constituents	11

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Were blessed with genial personalities	10
Possessed the courage of their convictions	9
Devoted and steadfast friends	9
A loss to Congress	8
Honest and wise	8
Possessed ready wit and quick repartee	7
Loyal, generous, sincere, brilliant, sympathetic	7
Despised the arts of the demagogue	7
Magnetic, courteous, scholarly, splendid statesmen	6
Champions for the oppressed	6
Superior to any in debate	6
Were shining examples to the youth of the United States	6
A loss to their States	6
Modest, indomitable, kindly, unostentatious	5
Possessed matchless oratorical ability	5
No scandal ever soiled their fair names	5
Wonderful men	4
The good they did lives after them	4
Feared no living man	4
Lovers and champions of the common people	4
We shall not look upon their like again	4
Toiled upwards in the night while others slept	4
Veritable storehouses of information	3
Had strength of ten, because their hearts were pure	3
Died in harness	3
Left footprints on the sands of time	3
One of Nature's noblemen or God's masterpieces	3
Masters of deadly invective in debate	3
Big-hearted, open-minded, cultivated	3
Erected monuments in hearts of constituents to be handed to succeeding generations, intact	3

Strange as it may seem, there were only single exponents of the following simple virtues among the twenty-one:

A horny-handed son of toil, a man among men;
In his passing one of the props of the republic fell and much of God's sunshine passed from the earth;
No lie ever soiled his lips;
A poet of wonderful ability;
Had a heart that was wax to receive and marble to retain;
Never radical on any subject;
The peer in intellect of any man who ever graced the walls of the United States Senate;
The South's greatest writer, if not the greatest writer in America;
His varied and brilliant accomplishments, copious diction, marvelous memory, magnificent rhetoric, gracious presence, dazzling humor, glorious voice, and Irish brogue made him the complete embodiment of an orator such as has not been seen since the days of Webster, Clay, or Calhoun.

In deference to undiscovered genius it should be stated that the "poet of wonderful ability" referred to above is the late Hon. Benjamin G. Humphries, Representative from Mississippi. In order to justify this statement, Mr. Humphries's eulogist included in his oration a favorite poem of the legislator-poet, My Black Verbena. The last verse follows:

Now, I ain't atter trouble wid no gamberlin man;
I'm no sturb maker; I'm a family man.
When de guns begin to shootin',
I'm de man dat ran,
But when it comes to women,
When it comes to women,
Oh, when it comes to women,
I'm a dang'ous man!

"And," says his biographer, "he wrote other poems that will enrich our Southern literature."

However, few of the eulogists rely upon homespun poetry—they go straight to the source of the world's great literature. This source, I am given to suspect, is either a volume entitled "What Great Men Have Said About Great Men," Bartlett and other collections of poetical selections, or back numbers of the *Congressional Record.* Research reveals Shakespeare as the chief fountain-head:

Shakespeare	15
His life was gentle	6
The evil men do	5
He was a man . . . shall not look upon his like again	4
Longfellow	9
The heights by great men . . . toiling upward through the night	4
Lives of great men all remind us	3
There is no Death	2
Tennyson	7
Crossing the Bar	4
Strength was as the strength of ten	3
Bryant	7
So live, that when thy summons comes	
Leigh Hunt (Abou Ben Adhem)	5
Ella Wheeler Wilcox	2
Edgar Guest	2
Kipling (If)	1
Sam Foss	1
Unable to trace	2

Of all, the perfect tribute encountered was the product of a statesman who appeared anxious to portray his departed colleague both as a he-man and the noblest Roman of them all. He finally solved his problem:

. . . in the wide, open spaces of the Senate where Nature might stand up to all the world and say, "This was a man!"

Starving Nova Scotia's Miners

By BEN LEGERE

"IF Armenia, or Japan after the earthquake shock, or India in famine were any worse, thank God I was not there." This statement by a prominent Nova Scotia clergyman sums up the situation that exists today on the island of Cape Breton and the adjacent Nova Scotia mainland, in the coal-mining communities. Since March 6 12,000 coal miners have been out on strike and already the Red Cross, clergymen, philanthropic organizations, impoverished municipal councils, and newspapers of all shades of opinion are adding their appeals for aid to that of the labor unions involved.

Obviously a strike of two weeks' duration hardly accounts for a situation so full of human suffering. In fact, the strike is merely a dramatic gesture by which the Nova Scotia coal miners have finally forced the country at large to recognize a condition against which they have been struggling for a long time. I recently spent several months among these miners, and although I have seen labor conditions in sections of the country where exploitation has been most severe, I have never encountered workers enduring more misery and degradation. I found a system of serfdom that has long since ceased to exist in most of the civilized world.

The Nova Scotia coal-field is one of the richest in the

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world; its development only dates back little over a quarter of a century. The Foord seam in Pictou County is considered the second most valuable bituminous deposit in the world, a seam of high-grade coal ranging from forty to sixty feet in thickness.

One corporation, the British Empire Steel Corporation, controls the coal industry of Nova Scotia as well as the steel industry and the enormous deposits of iron ore in Newfoundland. The initials of this corporation have been coined into the word "Besco," which in Nova Scotia has come to signify a giant industrial octopus that has the Province caught in its tentacles and is slowly and steadily draining the wealth and the lifeblood of its people.

Besco was formed a few years ago by merging the Dominion Coal Company, the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, the Acadia Coal Company, and the Cumberland Coal and Railway Company. The Provincial politicians gave the new corporation coal-land leases by which it controls practically all the coal in Nova Scotia, only a few independent mines being allowed to operate. Besco also owns steel plants, car works, iron mines, limestone quarries, dolomite deposits, branch railway lines, steamship lines, and some say incidentally the Provincial Government. The headquarters of Besco are in Montreal and the capitalists controlling it, largely British and American, are presided over by Roy Wolvin, the Gary of Canada.

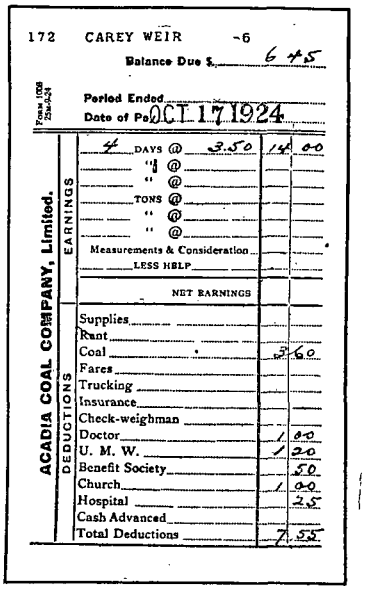
More than three-fourths of the miners involved are organized in the United Mine Workers of America, the remainder in Pictou County belonging to the One Big Union of Canada. The division of the workers into two organizations is not affecting the solidarity of the strike; the present leadership is intrusted to the officials of District 26 of the U. M. W., presided over by J. W. McLeod of Glace Bay. The strike at present is 100 per cent effective, all the maintenance men as well as the coal-diggers having been withdrawn from every mine operated by Besco.

When the strike began McLeod declared it had the sanction of the International Union, but in a subsequent telegram to Armstrong, Premier of Nova Scotia, John L. Lewis declared that the withdrawal of the maintenance men was contrary to the laws and policy of the U. M. W. The rank and file of the miners in Nova Scotia recognize that they have no chance of winning a coal strike unless the maintenance men remain out.

There have been other strikes in Nova Scotia, but never one in which public sentiment has been so generally on the side of the workers. The newspaper with the widest circulation in the Maritime Provinces declared at the beginning of the strike, "This is more than a dispute between a corporation and its employees; it affects every home and business in the Province." The strikers claim their move is really one of resistance to a lockout, as Besco for many months has been preparing to enforce a wage-cut and previous to the strike had locked out the men from ten of its most important collieries. A condition of semi-starvation that had existed for nearly two years previous then became acute. The 10 per cent wage-cut demanded by the corporation would have had one effect of making that condition permanent; coal miners' wages in Nova Scotia are the lowest to be found anywhere on the continent. The following figures published by the Canadian Department of Labor show the comparative wages in the Alberta field in the West and Nova Scotia:

	Alberta	Nova Scotia
Contract miners (average)	$8.33	$7.25
Hand miners	7.02	4.60
Laborers underground	6.03	3.65

Not only are miners paid less per day in Nova Scotia than in Alberta, but their employment is much less steady. One hundred and fifty days' work a year is given as the average for the past three years. In recent months even this low average has not been maintained. At best the Nova Scotia miners have received from $550 to approximately $1,100 a year.


172 CAREY WEIR -6

Balance Due $ 6 45

Period Ended

Date of Pa OCT 17 1924

ACADIA COAL COMPANY, Limited.

EARNINGS

4 DAYS @ 3.50 14 00

" @

" @

TONS @

" @

" @

Measurements & Consideration

LESS H&LP

NET EARNINGS

DEDUCTIONS

Supplies

Rent

Coal 5 60

Fares

Trucking

Insurance

Check-weighman

Doctor 1 00

U. M. W. 1 20

Benefit Society 50

Church 1 00

Hospital 25

Cash Advanced

Total Deductions 7 55

Reduced facsimile of miner's pay-envelope

But even to understand conditions in Nova Scotia coal-fields it is necessary to know the whole system by which Besco operates. The pay envelope reproduced herewith shows clearly the serfdom that has been established. The miner does not get the wages he earns for producing coal; he merely gets the balance that is left after all manner of "deductions" have been subtracted in the company office.

The check-off system, legalized by the Provincial law-makers, provides that landlords (when the miner lives in a company house, which is the rule), insurance companies (in which the company is also interested), benefit societies, churches, hospitals, doctors, preachers, etc., are all taken care of first, receiving their weekly checks at the company office. Whatever is left the miner may use to buy food and clothing for himself and his family. Company stores in most places bring back to the company some of that balance as profits. The labor officials of the United Mine Workers of America are also taken care of through the check-off.

Departing from reports of averages and coming to concrete cases it may be easier to understand the problem the Nova Scotia coal miner faces. I have all the pay envelopes of one coal miner from February 22, 1924, to October 24, 1924. During these eight months the man earned $344.75. The company deducted $95.28 to support the various institutions listed above and gave the miner $249.47. With that sum he had to buy food and clothing for himself and family. His is a better than average case. He is a young and unusually efficient "contract miner." He has only a mother, wife, and one child to support. Many miners have six, nine, sometimes a dozen children. He sometimes manages to provide other food than the potatoes and herring which constitute the main diet in the Nova Scotia coal towns. He is still able to think clearly enough to know that the whole system imposed upon the miners by Besco must somehow be changed.

The company holds powerful weapons: The men have been half-employed and half-hungry for years; the U. M. W. has withheld approval of the strike and relief for the strikers. But the alternative to victory now is misery through an indefinite future, and the men and their families will hold out as long as their strength endures.

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The Storms Approaching

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

TWO subjects loom ahead as the great subjects of political discussion during this summer and of political decision during next winter. They are the Permanent Court of International Justice and the reduction of the surtaxes.

It is believed by the Republican leaders of the House of Representatives that the highest surtaxes can be reduced to 25 per cent in the next House. This will be the consummation of the complete Mellon plan.

Mr. Mellon, of the exquisitely delicate chiseled features, of the tired and sad eyes, of the gentle and wistful smile, of the subdued and diffident manner, of the little thin half-length thread of a cigar, which he pulls out of his own pocket while other guests are consuming their host's Corona Coronas, has certainly proved himself to be a considerable economic evangelist.

With the help of his taxation altar-boy, Calvin Coolidge, he has preached sermons which have persuaded a multitude of Americans of small means to believe that they will be in the end better off if they reduce the taxes now imposed upon Americans of large means.

I must confess that when he and Mr. Coolidge started off on it I was conventionally totally skeptical of their being successful. It seemed to me, in my worldly wisdom as a political reporter, that nobody could persuade anybody that he would be better off if somebody else's taxes were reduced. These simple souls, Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon, knew better. They knew, perhaps, that they were appealing to a business people who, rich or poor, would be attracted by a business argument. They went, saying:

> Is it your idea to put the money of the rich into the pockets of federal employees or is it your idea to put the money of the rich into the industries which give you employment and opportunity? Is it your idea to make the rich more miserable or to make yourselves more prosperous?

There can be not the slightest doubt that the President and Mr. Mellon have made, are making, and will make great progress with this argument. A few years ago it could not possibly have won in the House of Representatives. It is likely to win in the next House.

Whether it will succeed in the Senate as well as in the House is, however, at this moment, debatable. The Senate is a conservative body. The present surtaxes are the law of the land. To change them downward might be conservative from the standpoint of economics, but it would be radical from the standpoint of politics. The Senate is not necessarily moved by gusts of popular passion in women's clubs in favor of the Permanent Court of International Justice or by gusts of popular passion in golf clubs and in hunt clubs in favor of Mellon taxation reform. The reducing of the surtaxes, it is calculated today in Washington, may slide through the House and come to bumps in the Senate.

The Senate also, of course, will be the scene of the bumps for the Permanent Court of International Justice.

In all probability there is today in the Senate a two-thirds majority—that is, a sufficient majority—inclined favorably toward entrance by the United States into that court. The question is: Will there be such a majority after Senators like Johnson of California and like Borah of Idaho have spoken and have thundered and have frightened and have idealized and have uplifted?

Three arguments are in preparation against the Permanent Court of International Justice.

The first is that the Hague Tribunal is just as good. All through this summer the Rev. M. V. Oggel and also the Rev. C. C. Morrison, editor of the *Christian Century*, and also Mr. S. O. Levinson, originator of the propaganda in favor of the outlawry of war, and also Colonel Raymond Robins of Chicago, the most eloquent protagonist for the outlawry of war, will pursue the advocates of the Permanent Court of International Justice with this question:

> What question is there which we in the United States would be willing to submit to the Permanent Court of International Justice which we would not equally be willing to submit to the Hague Tribunal?

That question seems to be a poser. It throws the advocates of the Permanent Court of International Justice into a state of extreme loquacity regarding the constitutions of the two courts and into a state of total reticence regarding the question which the United States would refuse to refer to the old court but would willingly and delightedly refer to the new one.

That is one argument brewing against the new court. The second is one which has been thoughtfully provided by a considerable number of the new court's friends. They say, especially in private conversation, all over Washington, that adhesion to the new court is a step toward the League. They get taken at their word, sincerely or just for fun and for blood, by the new court's enemies. "They say it themselves: it must be so: the court is but the courtyard to the League: beware!"

That is the second argument. The third is by far the most formidable of all. It will be brought forward by Senator Borah. It is as follows:

> What we need is to get rid of war. The Hague Tribunal contemplates the possibility of war. You may go to the Hague Tribunal or you may not go to the Hague Tribunal as you please. If you decline to go and if you go instead to war, you are within the law. You lawfully may go either to the Hague Tribunal or to war. Ditto precisely with the Permanent Court of International Justice. You may go to it or you may refrain from going to it just as you please. It also contemplates and sanctions war as an alternative to law. Let us have done with all this buncombe. Let us have done with all this throwing of dust into the eyes of the peoples of the world. "The way to resume specie payments," it was famously said after all our paper money issued during Civil War times, "is to resume specie payments." The way to quit war is to quit war. Let us agree that we will erect a court to which we will submit not some of our international disputes but all of our international disputes. Let us have an international agreement that if diplomacy fails to settle an international dispute, on any truly international question, then the only lawful settlement of it will be

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by law. Let us erect a court with that jurisdiction, with that authority, with that ideal.

The peace advocates who favor the Permanent Court of International Justice will find themselves plagued in the next Senate by Senator Borah's interest in peace, *peace.*

In the Driftway

IN the course of his travels the Drifter often has received hints, if not direct requests, for things which his friends would like to have brought home from foreign lands. "If you should be in Brittany," a lady will say meaningly, and he hastens to assure her that he will not, well aware that a remark about Quimper plates is impending. If it is not plates from Brittany or glass from Bohemia, or something equally breakable and perhaps more spillable from Bordeaux, it is likely to be books to ballast an already bursting suitcase. The oddest thing the Drifter has been asked to turn up was a long copper key, supposedly of a bride's dower chest, such as sometimes can be found among the junk of the bookdealers along the Seine in Paris.

* * * * *

THESE are the sorts of things for which we look to Europe—and the other day the Drifter got a glimpse of the sorts of things for which Europe looks to us. It came in no more romantic a form than a report of the United States Department of Commerce, labeled Confidential and headed What the World Wants. This information ("it is a dollars and cents service," says the introduction) will be released simultaneously in all parts of the country, and our exporters, it is to be supposed, will rush in to fill the special vacuum of each particular country. Cuba, promisingly enough, finds itself in need of furniture and equipment for hotels and cafes. Mexico wants bottling and canning machinery. The Dominican Republic asks for hard candies. Austria wants shoe polish—best quality—and shoe-polish sets. All this is not so hard to understand. England maintains her reputation for practicality with a request for cod-liver oil and saw blades; Italy asphalt; and Honduras, paper boxes. But does it not seem like carrying coals to Newcastle to send prunes to France (unless, subsequently, they come back labeled "Bordeaux") and salt herring to Germany? And what racial or other peculiarity can be behind the request of the Netherlands for gloves, *thumb and three finger,* together with "bones, industrial," and ox and cow horns?

* * * * *

MOST disturbing, however, are the signs that even the farthest corners of the earth are reaching out for peculiarly American souvenirs. Australia wants telegraph tape; Africa specifies bathroom fittings, bath-tubs, lavatory bowls, piping, water fittings, steam fittings, and sinks; New Zealand wants dress findings and ornaments; Argentina, wall paper; Egypt, linoleum. All these the Drifter could bear; bath-tubs, he admits, may have their uses in Africa as well as anywhere else. But sometimes, oppressed by the sanitation and propaganda of the civilized worlds, he lets his mind roam over the few remaining havens which seemed reasonably secure from outside invasion, and now one of those remaining few must be stricken from his reveries. For Java, that imagined land of beautiful girls and fragrant coffee, puts in a chilling and impersonal plea —for "radio, parts and sets." THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Who Is Superior Now?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Bercovici, in the last issue of *The Nation,* after telling us that it never occurred to Jews, Gipsies, Ethiopians, Latins, and other races to band themselves together and proclaim their superiority, adds: "Religion and science rest on foundations laid down by non-Nordics. . . . What *they* [Nordics] call good government has its immediate origin in Rome. . . . The Nordics have done to music what they have done to religion; they have professionalized it—as they have professionalized love and laughter, by marriage and comedies. . . . Civilization, intelligence, is a capacity for happiness. . . . In capacity for happiness we non-Nordics have it all over the Nordics. . . . Where are the treasures of art and the sources of joy to be found—in the Scandinavian countries or in the Latin ones?"

It seems, therefore, that the non-Nordics are THE PEOPLE.

New York, March 15 CHARLES A. BEARD

In Defense of Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My congratulations on Louis Fischer's recent article on political prisoners in Russia. It was fair and accurate, a rare thing in a liberal magazine these days.

What's happened to the liberals? I have been away for three years from New York, and I can't get used to the changes I've found in most of my favorite liberals. They used to soothe my inflamed revolutionary temperament like an iced tea on a blistering summer day. Now they're hotter than ever I was in my extreme youth. They howl like rabid, raving reds—they want freedom in Russia; not America, over which I used to mourn, but Russia. What's the idea?

Can it be true, then, that they are also being dictated to by Berlin? While I was in Europe I heard and saw much of the plot to discredit Russia. Wherever economic events were leading a capitalist government to recognition of Russia, the Mensheviks threw in their best speakers and pamphleteers. In France, just before recognition, a campaign similar to the present campaign here was launched against Russia. The plot failed; and it will fail here, also. American recognition will come, despite the Mensheviks. But I am sorry to see so many good liberals being used in this manner. Let them think it all over for a moment: why was there not this outburst for Russian free speech a year ago; or two years ago? Why is Abramovich here? There was always a liberal and anarchist outcry against the attitude on free speech shown by the Soviets, but what has made it seem so important and huge to American liberals just at this moment? Who has started all this fuss?

My guess is Berlin; the murderers of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, and the jailers of 7,000 Communists have instigated this cry for Russian freedom.

I refuse to help them in their international maneuvers. At the same time I am for the freedom of the political prisoners in Russia, not for liberal reasons (liberals like Ramsay MacDonald bomb native villages in Mesopotamia) but because I think the Mensheviks are no longer dangerous in Russia. My judgment is that the Russian Soviet leaders feel the same way, but want to be assured of a little more stability before they let the politicals go. If the British loan had gone through there might have been an amnesty last Christmas, my anarchist friends told me. I am certain that there will not be a political prisoner in a Russian jail within the next two years. I wish I felt as certain about "Socialist" Germany, liberal France, or republican America.

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I have just returned from three months spent in Moscow. I had many good anarchist friends there. They have a large bookshop on one of the main streets; a large clubhouse where public debates are held regularly on anarchism; and they own their own publishing house, and circulate books and pamphlets. They are infinitely stronger and more expressive than in America. I did not see them slinking in cellars, or whispering behind locked doors. Sometimes some of them were arrested. I met a fine young anarchist girl who had just returned from a two-year exile in Siberia. She was not half as indignant over the matter as is Charles W. Erwin of New York. And she asked me not to fight in New York for free speech in Moscow. She said such efforts would only help the numerous enemies of Russia. I believe her.

Russia is not Utopia; it is a poor country, a struggling country. I saw many things there I did not like—and that no Russian Communist likes. But I would do anything to help Russia. There I felt for the first time in my life as if poverty might be swept out of this beautiful, promising world. I saw millions of brave young men and women suffering and fighting that the future generations might not be poor and oppressed. When I see well-intentioned liberals helping the enemies of this great movement in human history I feel like weeping. Then I recover and want to laugh at them.

New York, March 20 MICHAEL GOLD

"Pluck" or "Guts"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your Midwinter Book Number your correspondent Lewis Mumford asserts, with the air of a man imparting exact and authentic information: "Nevertheless, pluck is a word which came into use during the Crimean War to describe spiritual stamina."

As a matter of fact, pluck, within the meaning defined, was an English term of common currency half a century before the outbreak of the Crimean War. As such it is used in the letter-press of a Gilray cartoon (1807), in "Oliver Twist," and in "Vanity Fair." In "Oliver Twist" Bill Sykes refers to Fagin as "not having the pluck of a cur." In the latter, Colonel Crawley concedes it to his thrashed antagonist.

New York, February 6 JAMES FUCHS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. Mumford's defense of the metaphorical use of "guts" the main points are that the now respectable word "pluck" had about the same origin, and that "by now most of the force has gone out of pluck, and a writer who wishes to signify a certain state of internal heroism is driven to the expressive coarseness of 'guts'." He fails to say whether the literal sense of "pluck" was ever as clearly felt by the respectable public as that of "guts."

But what is this about "pluck" having lost its force? Are we to understand that O. W. Holmes's lines

> Be firm! One constant element in luck
> Is genuine solid old Teutonic pluck;
> See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's thrill,
> Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still

are today felt to be weak on the ground that he chose a weak word to rhyme with "luck"? I for my part would sooner have assailed the lines on almost any other ground.

I do not understand, however, that Mr. Mumford represents "guts" as a synonym of "pluck." "Pluck" is today not felt as metaphorical at all, but as the precise name of a definite psychical quality. This, as I understand, is what Mr. Mumford means by its having lost its force. He objects to definiteness of meaning. He desires a word which will express the idea that he feels a strong emotional reaction toward the thing in question without so clearly defining that thing as to draw attention off from Mr. Mumford's emotion; in other words, he wants exactly what the users of profanity want.

I do not know whether he can be made to believe that there are those of us to whom precise expression is not weak; to whom profanity is not "strong language" but weak language.

My interpretation is confirmed when I see him use "of this kidney" for "of this kind"; the phrase is a pretty sure sign of a man who does not read his Shakespeare for himself but picks up inaccurate language at second hand.

Ballard Vale, Mass., February 10 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may be of interest to Mr. Lewis Mumford of Modern Disillusion that around the wilds of Columbus, Ohio, we have elaborated his favorite word to "intestinal fortitude."

Huntington, W. Va., February 12 WALTER CARROLL

Marietta L. Johnson's Work

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mrs. Marietta L. Johnson is a name familiar to many by reason of the valuable educational experiment she is conducting at Fairhope, Alabama.

In the course of seventeen years, by dint of complete sacrifice of her life to this one ideal, she has stirred many people the country over to interest, understanding, and support. In order to form of this scattered body of informed people a group whose purpose may be to strengthen and spread the work Mrs. Johnson has been doing almost single-handed, it is important that the names and addresses of these organizations and individuals be gathered together in one list at some given place. With this in mind, a few women, personally connected with this work through their children, have undertaken to compile such a catalogue for immediate use.

Will any—individuals or organizations—who know of Mrs. Johnson and her educational experiment please send name and address to Mrs. D. E. Andrews, 509 West 122d Street, New York City? Please also send the name and address of any one *personally* known to you who is interested or might be interested?

New York, March 2 ELLA WESTCOTT ANDREWS

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES A. BEARD, former professor of politics at Columbia, is the author of many books, including "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution."

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON is the author of "The Story of Mankind," "The Story of the Bible," and, recently published, "The Story of Wilbur the Hat."

JOHN A. HOBSON, English economist, is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

HOWARD S. BENEDICT, writer and investigator, has just left for Europe.

DAVID S. MUZZEY is professor of history at Columbia University.

FRANK THONE is a botanist associated with *Science Service* in Washington, D. C.

WILLIAM HARD, *The Nation's* Washington correspondent, will temporarily discontinue his weekly letters in order to devote his time to writing a book, the subject of which is not yet announced.

BEN LEGERE has been active in the One Big Union movement in Canada and the United States.

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Books, Music, and Plays

Played on a Clavier

By MARGARET TOD RITTER

Oh, never, never may the words be said
But flit like ghosts about the quiet room.
Words that the humblest lad may hire a bed
To whisper on, while that sweet child to whom
The threadbare syllables are stammered out
Becomes a queen by virtue of their magic.
The things that we may never talk about
But parry, inarticulate and tragic,
Are common speech to lovers. Day by day
We brood upon the little goatherd's crime
Laughing intrepidly at those who say
The spring is beautiful: and all the time
My hand smoothing the moonlight from your head . . .
Oh, never, never may the words be said!

First Glance

"MILTON: MAN AND THINKER," by Denis Saurat (Dial Press: $4), is a book of the first importance for anyone who wishes to know how the classics may be kept alive. Amplified and englished by the author himself from a somewhat slighter work, "La Pensée de Milton," which appeared in Paris in 1920, it stands as one of the chief contributions thus far to the scholarship which over nearly a decade in Europe and America has been making a new person out of Milton. It will hardly be possible henceforth to dismiss the author of "Paradise Lost" as one who preserved an absurd legend in immortal verse or as one who, to the extent that he thought at all, thought barrenly in antiquated terms. M. Saurat not only shows that Milton was thinking all the time with a mind possessed of "as wide a culture as a man ever had," and integrates his life with his works so that they tell a single profound tale; he cuts away what used to seem archaic, and makes it plain how Milton speaks for any generation whatsoever.

M. Saurat begins his spiritual biography by laying emphasis upon the trait in Milton which determined all of his thoughts and acts—his egoism. Known for a genius while still a boy, and groomed by superior parents to do great things in the world, Milton sustained his fierce pride by asserting to himself not only that his impulses were all good but that there was sufficient character in him to control those impulses if ever they seemed to be getting the upper hand. And what he believed of himself he believed of human nature; "he never clearly perceived that the world was not made of Miltons." Disillusion came late. For he stayed seven years at Cambridge, and he spent six more years in his father's garden at Horton, reading many books and writing his early poems. When he did issue into the world he discovered by slow degrees that it was far from being the heroic battlefield he had decided it was. It grew harder and harder to find evidence that passion and reason fought to a fair and satisfactory conclusion among men. Passion in itself was good, for nature and matter were good; Milton was always to be the defender of both against those mean souls who distrusted them. But reason was better; at least Milton expected to find reason reigning over a people initially endowed with great desires. The first shock came with his own marriage—a fiasco of unreason and of thwarted desire. Then came a series of political shocks. Whereas Milton had supposed that he would witness the triumph in the world of affairs of liberty over lust, he found himself plunging from party to party in a vain search for the elect minority of his dream. Abandoning in turn the Presbyterians, the Independents, and finally the people themselves, he stood tragically alone at the Restoration, a party of one with "only his faith in God. But in that he will center all hopes lost on earth, and take a glorious compensation for all his disillusions." He will write "Paradise Lost."

M. Saurat's statement of the problem which Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" to solve is the clearest I have ever seen. Milton's own claim, that he would "justify the ways of God to men," is translated or interpreted thus: "It is an attempt to give a precise answer to a metaphysical question which arises both from personal anguish and from universal suffering. It is a voice singing of mankind at a loss to understand its repeated failures in its struggles against Fate. . . . God's plans are well constructed; men's wills get carried out and destiny brings catastrophe to corrupt men and nations through the weight of their own deeds. Man is responsible, not only for his deeds but for his destiny, for his destiny is but a translation into events of the psychological drama enacted in man's free soul." Stripped of its theology and its mythology, "Paradise Lost" becomes here a purely philosophical narrative, with the universe as its scene and with Milton as its hero. With nothing less could so proud and profound a poet satisfy his mind when the crisis came.

MARK VAN DOREN

Biography Psychic and Pragmatic

Robespierre. By Hans von Hentig. Stuttgart.
Napoleon—An Outline. By Colin R. Ballard. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

IN method, style, and purpose no two books could be more widely separated than these studies are. The first is a subtle, highly condensed analysis of the mind of the French tribune of the Terror, designed to show the connection between his physico-psychic endowment and his political career. The second is a clear and simple exposition of the military campaigns of the greatest of modern generals, with only the most incidental reference to the psychology of the man or the politics of the period. The first is written by a noted neurologist and psychiatrist; the second by a former professor of military history in the British Staff College.

Considering the present interest in psychoanalysis it is not strange that a new type of biography is beginning to appear, in which a solution for sharply conflicting estimates is found in a far more thorough examination of psychic qualities and inheritances than even the most "intimate" biographies have hitherto contained. See, for instance, William Allen White's recent study of Woodrow Wilson. No character in modern history could offer the psychoanalyst a more promising field of research than Maximilian Robespierre. And Herr von Hentig uses the scalpel mercilessly. Not one of the physical or psychic traits of the man escapes his probe. He reveals his patient as eunochoid, schizoid, and epileptoid. He explains "the shrill voice, the asexual physiognomy, the timid ostentation, the pious cruelty, the impotent egotism" of Robespierre as the inevitable concomitants of his psychic endowment. The revolution furnished an exceptional opportunity for the charlatan to convert his negative traits of irritability, suspicion, pedantry, and Cas-

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sandrism into the semblance of the positive virtue of lynx-eyed patriotism. He battened upon the miseries and fears of his country. He sapped and undermined every movement of hope, valor, and recuperation. His appeal was always to the hypnotized masses who lived on rumors, fantasies, and fetishes. Danton was the leader of the *sansculottes*, but Robespierre was the leader of the *sans-cervelles*.

It needed only the beginning of a return to order and confidence in the state to reveal the utter emptiness of Robespierre's mind and program. The battle-flags captured at Fleurus and the reports of promising harvest in the spring of 1794 were for him announcements of doom. In halting desperation he still strove to hold the people with his magic wand of terror: he begged Barrère not to report the victories too enthusiastically, he posed as the patron of the Supreme Being, he shrieked about Pitt's gold, he lashed the flagging suspicions of the people into a tempest which threatened for a moment to sweep his last political enemy under the knife of the guillotine. But it was only the raving of a pinioned madman. Confronted at last, for the first time in his career, with the necessity to save himself by force and courage, he collapsed like a pricked balloon.

There is not a redeeming trait in the Robespierre of Herr von Hentig. Even the apparent virtues of the man, on which Hamel and Morse Stephens have laid stress, were only the pale reflections of his faults: his abstemiousness, impotence, physical and mental; his consistency, intellectual poverty ("Robespierre never disputed himself because he never said anything new"); his democracy, jealousy; his modesty, an inferiority complex, and so on. The apologists for Robespierre have made the foolish mistake of taking him at his own valuation—like the dupes he ruled in the Jacobin Club and the simple homes of Paris. But the Robespierre of "The Orphans of the Storm" is the genuine one.

Von Hentig's book, replete with technical terms and fortified with forty-five pages of learned *Bemerkungen* in small pica, is not for popular consumption. It presumes a thorough familiarity with the history of the French Revolution. But General Ballard writes a book on Napoleon which a high-school boy can understand. "The story of Napoleon," he says, "makes fascinating reading, but it must be admitted that it is a formidable task, and many students hesitate to take the plunge. His life was a succession of big events; there were campaigns and battles; there were changes of constitution, administrative reforms, plots and counterplots; there were marriages, family quarrels, and chronicles of scandal. Hundreds of actors cross the stage and there are lightning changes of scenery. . . . My convinced opinion is that a beginning should be made with a simple outline, something that the eye can take in and the mind grasp." Therefore General Ballard, leaving on one side the details of the constitutions, reforms, plots, counterplots, quarrels, and scandals, devotes his pages to a sketch "in broad outlines" of Napoleon's rise and fall traced in their most obvious key, namely, the field of battle. It is a military history written by a military man who sticks closely to his last. Each of the dozen main campaigns of Napoleon is accompanied by one or more sketch maps, especially prepared for the volume, and illustrating most successfully the tactics of the battles. Even the expert student of the Napoleonic wars will find these clever sketches a welcome *aide-mémoire*.

Of course, some political and diplomatic history is necessary as connective tissue between the military campaigns. But such material General Ballard reduces to a minimum. His judgments in this field are generally sound; but in some instances, owing probably to the very conciseness of treatment, important matters are slighted and impelling motives are minimized. For example, the Continental System, which so fundamentally affected the military policy of Napoleon after 1806, is given only incidental mention in less than two pages. Again, in the discussion of the Egyptian Expedition, which the author condemns as a piece of folly, there is no hint that Napoleon may have been playing a political game in which the increasing embarrassment of the Directory should prepare the way for his own advance to power. On the other hand, the brief chapter on The Crisis, in which General Ballard traces to Napoleon's frustration by the British navy that change in temper and policy which made him no longer the avenger of the wounds of France, but of the wounds of his own vanity, is a masterly summary of historical and psychological motivation.

Despite his great admiration for Napoleon ("I think he was the greatest man that ever lived") General Ballard does not hesitate to condemn his mistakes. The massacre at Jaffa was cruel; the murder of Enghien was both cruel and stupid; the rejection of the terms offered by the allies at Châtillon was suicidal. Napoleon had become "a lonely despot," "ruined by self-deception," and obstinately persistent in grandiose hopes that were based on ignorance both of his own exhausted resources and of his enemies' stiffening solidarity. In the last analysis it was the logic of the situation itself which overcame Napoleon. He was like the juggler who keeps tossing ball after ball into the air until they all come tumbling down about his head; or like the man in the fable which the Indian fakir is said to have told to Alexander the Great: when he kept down one part of the dried bull's hide, another part rose behind his back. So Napoleon hastened from the Ebro to the Danube, from the Elbe to the Niemen. Wherever he appeared in person his superb strategy and tactics won. But when he was not at hand there was confusion. All of his detachments (in Spain, in Russia, and finally at Waterloo) came to grief. It was because he trained his marshals to carry out his orders alone. He allowed no discretion, he encouraged no self-reliance in his subordinates—though they were as able as Masséna and as brave as Ney. He persisted in the attempt to command half a million men with the same undivided and undelegated authority with which he had commanded 40,000 men in Italy. In short, he imposed upon himself the task which was far too great even for a Napoleon.

There are several errors in the non-military part of General Ballard's book. The Thermidorian rising against Robespierre could hardly be called a coup d'etat (p.46); the constitution of 1795 did not provide that the new councils "should take two-thirds of their numbers from the old Convention" (p.47); the Directors were not hostile to Napoleon and ready "to hang him if he failed" when he assumed command of the Army of Italy (p.54); Napoleon reached Acre on March 17, not May 17, 1799 (p.84); "respect for the councils" was the last thing that had "been ingrained by military discipline" in the years immediately preceding the coup d'etat of Brumaire (p.101); Sieyès did not write the constitution of the Year VIII, but Bonaparte dictated it in his own drawing-room (p.142); the plots of 1800 against Napoleon's life could not have been prompted by resentment against the restoration of "the influence of the priests" by the Concordat, since the Concordat was not concluded in 1800 (p.126); the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine could hardly be called "the complete breaking up of the German race" (p.171); and Frederick William III came to the throne of Prussia in 1797, not 1795 (p. 167).

DAVID S. MUZZEY

A Genius on Main Street

Arrowsmith. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

IT might have been reasonably objected against Mr. Sinclair Lewis that in his two pictures of mediocrity triumphant he failed to recognize one important fact. In spite of all the optimism which lay behind his satires he made his heroes succumb with surprising ease to the dulness which surrounded them, and he seemed never to be aware of that almost magical sureness with which something born in the natural artist or in the natural scientist enables him to seek and find the best in the

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most unlikely places. By a sort of intuition such a man divines the existence of the things which he has never learned; he goes straight to the best books without ever being told their names; and he recognizes naturally the best by virtue of a taste which has never been cultivated. He may, if his environment has been too unfortunate, bear always certain scars or even suffer certain deformities; but he will never like Carol surrender absolutely to Main Street or like Babbitt wholly lose himself if he began with any talent sufficiently robust to be significant.

Doubtless it was not so intended, but Mr. Lewis's new novel might serve as an answer to the objections just raised, for it is the story of a man who managed, by virtue of his intuitions, to win a partial triumph over those forces before which the author's other heroes went down in defeat. Martin Arrowsmith was born in as hopeless a town as Mr. Lewis ever conceived, and he got his first ideas of medicine from a drunken failure; but by virtue of that insight of which I have spoken he recognized perfection instead of imperfection and guessed rather than learned what a scientist in medicine should be. By that bit of magical insight he proved that he had in him the talent which counts, and the rest of his life was of a piece with his beginning. He went to a medical school which was noisier and more vulgar than most; he established his practice in a Main Street town and he served on the Main Street board of health; he was even exposed to the more subtle blandishments of the commercialized research foundation; but he never failed to see or to guess the realities which were behind the sham. Thus Mr. Lewis has formulated once more his indictment of American civilization, but he has made it more convincing than it ever was before because he has, in a sense, made it less absolute. He has described once more, with that wealth of documentation and that concrete actuality so peculiarly his, the difficulties which beset the idealist; but he has qualified his thesis by saying, in effect, that these difficulties are not absolutely insurmountable, and this means, in a word, that he has chosen a more important hero than he has ever chosen before. If American society lost in Carol and in Mr. Babbitt two tolerable human beings and got in return two monstrosities, the fact is not, perhaps, extremely important; but the fact that Martin Arrowsmith was, obviously, not quite what he might have been is a very important fact indeed.

Fundamentally Mr. Lewis has only one theme. All of his characters from Mr. Wren to Arrowsmith are alike in that the dominant desire, conscious or unconscious, of each is the desire for that complete life which has not been afforded him, and the burden of each novel is the difficulty of finding such a life in barbarous America. He has shown in two books what happens to mediocrity in such an environment; he shows now what the same environment can do to a man who is very near a genius. In the early pages of the present novel he describes his hero, still a medical student, planning his career while he eats his lunch—an enormous banana split with a bar of chocolate—and never, I think, has he given a more typical picture of one of the characteristically grotesque aspects of our civilization or better summed up, by implication, his criticism of it. One may suitably plan one's life in the midst of many different environments, in the depths of a primeval forest or in the attic of an ancient city, in the library of a venerable institution or even in a German beer garden; but one cannot possibly plan it on the stool of a soda fountain in the midst of banana splits without running the very grave risk that something of the barbarous ugliness of the place and something of the sticky unwholesomeness of the diet may corrupt that life. There is nothing immoral about a soda fountain, but there is about it something fundamentally ugly and ridiculous, and America, so Mr. Lewis says, is a land of soda fountains, a land which provides no suitable background, physical or spiritual, for the cultivation of life. A little later Martin, taken to hear a casual concert of German music, is incomprehensibly stirred and his vague longings take shape around the personality of an instructor in bacteriology who happens to be the only product he knows of the completer civilization which he guesses. "He exulted, 'I am going to have 'em all—the fame of Max Gottlieb—I mean his ability—and the lovely music and the lovely women—golly! I am going to do big things. And see the world . . . will this piece never quit?'" It is once more a complete description of Mr. Lewis's vision of America and a summary of all that he has to say—that we are a nation eager for that rich and complete life which includes a good deal more than what is commonly called culture and which Martin Arrowsmith, like most of his fellow-countrymen, never achieved because, in spite of his integrity and his genuine successes in science, he was compelled to grow up in a relatively barren soil.

"Arrowsmith" will probably not attract the enormous attention which "Main Street" and "Babbitt" attracted because it is not so remarkable as a pamphlet; but considered purely as a novel it is better than either because it has a more striking fable and because it is essentially truer.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A New Philter Wanted

Salvaging American Girlhood. By Isabel Davenport. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

"IF a philter could be devised and injected into the parents when a girl child is born which would prevent their discovering that she was a girl until she was nine or ten years old, it would give the necessary psychological situation for the free development of her mind and body up to that age—" so Dr. Davenport sums up her complete disbelief in the necessity for chronically ailing, useless women. Her scorn for an education which gives girls "the home industries of a past economic age, a smattering of foreign languages and aesthetics" is pleasant to contemplate, and she has punched various damaging holes in the myth of the necessity for woman's physical inferiority.

But there is room in the air for more than one theory, and it is unfortunate that Dr. Davenport's desire to win for normal psychology and the elementary facts of physiology at least as much attention as abnormal psychology has secured in the last twenty years or so should have been yoked with an animus against Freudianism which could be guilty of such an *ad hominem* as this: "And yet faith in one's kind generates the confidence that back of popular interest in the abnormalities of 'libidos,' 'suppressed desires,' and 'polymorphous sexual perversions' there abides deep in the soul of most American women a tender and profound concern for the practical welfare of the young girls coming on—." The reaction against overzealous embroiderers of the Freudian legend is perhaps overdue, yet an attack like this affects the reader very much as the communist orator's attack on Mr. La Follette affected one of Sinclair Lewis's Zenith friends.

The Freudians, too, might contend that when an investigator hectically waves the flag of science on every page she is setting up a defense-mechanism to conceal a peculiarly unscientific habit of mind, and this contention becomes plausible when some of her conclusions are examined. Young girls should be told "that marriage makes possible the completion of personality as nothing else can, and furnishes the only lasting companionship of life." If their observations run counter to this, tell them oftener that love and marriage "provide life's greatest education and fulfilment—without which the individual life (except as these values are consciously and willingly sacrificed for a life of religious devotion and service) must remain isolated and barren and not quite worth while."

Social workers might ask why, if a celibate can escape a life of barren unfulfilment by consciously and willingly sacrificing marriage for a life of religious devotion and service, the same escape may not be made through the avenue of social work. Women doctors, women astronomers, even women civil engineers might join the chorus and ask why religion alone is a substitute

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for sexual satisfaction. But then we should have left the safe grounds of "scientific psychology" for the Freudian mists.

It is too bad that Dr. Davenport's onslaughts on those quacks whose Ph.D.'s come from Germany and whose "scientifically controlled" questions center about a different thesis from hers, should obscure the really interesting results of the questions about sex which she secured from a hundred and sixty girls at a teachers' training school. Of course, Havelock Ellis long ago pointed out that civilization omits from its rites, as barbarism does not, instruction in the amenities of love. But he thereupon proceeded to describe how barbaric tribes take care of this important province of learning, while Dr. Davenport's contribution is to plot the extent and character of the ignorance of American girls. One of the questions is a classic, reaching as it does the heights both of pathos and of absurdity. "How," asks a girl who next year is to become a teacher, "can she [any girl] tell if she is ruined?"

Having plotted the prevailing ignorance, Dr. Davenport is in a position to offer a constructive and valuable program, though here again convention and physiology are rather confused through her practical identification of love and marriage and through the *reductio ad absurdum* of her advice to little girls and boys to save up their pennies for their eventual marriages. But again she has definite contributions to make. It is too often true that the social environment of today inhibits the free working of sex attraction and stimulates sex antagonism. It is too often true that the ambitious man and woman wait until 35 or 40 to consummate their desire for union. Dr. Davenport's suggestions for removing artificial hindrances deserve a wide reading—particularly those which would make both play and school coeducational in fact as well as in name. She believes, doubtless rightly, that if this were so girls and boys interested in the same field of work would often marry and, like M. and Mme Curie, cultivate it together.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

A Monument in Biology

General Cytology. Edited by Edmund V. Cowdry. University of Chicago Press. $7.50.

THE summer capital of biology in America is at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. A couple of years ago some dozen of the leaders of this scientific convent decided that there should be a new book about cells, those little living building-blocks which in many shapes and combinations go to make up both cabbages and kings and all other living things that have ever been seen. They parceled out the job among themselves, each man or woman taking that portion of the field wherein lay his or her special knowledge. The result of their labors, synthesized under the editorship of Mr. Cowdry, makes up the present meaty volume.

For the medical man and professional biologist the book will need no bush. The general reader may give it a hasty examination and drop it with a groan. He need not, however. If he is fortified with a general course in biology and one in chemistry, or if he has browsed in the "Outline of Science," he is equipped to get the flesh of the subject away from the bones of technical language.

One very commendable thing about "General Cytology" is the physiological—the chemical and physical—approach. Former books on this subject have been predominantly or even exclusively devoted to cell form and cell structure as seen in dead cells. Here, however, the reader is halfway through the volume before he finds the things the older books began with, and when he does find them they are looked at in the life. The behavior of the living cell, rather than its anatomy, is the new center of interest.

The title of the opening section, Some General Aspects of the Chemistry of Cells, leads the reader to expect that its tone will be one of safe, even smug, mechanistic orthodoxy. But before a dozen pages are out he finds himself struggling with an hypothesis concerning the psychism of electrons. Just when vitalism seemed to be safely chased up the chimney it comes stalking boldly in at the front door and claims much more than its original heritage. Such heresy, if it spreads, will cause uproar in the house of biology. But regardless of the merits of the question, a bit of wrangling over metaphysics may well prove healthful for biology at the present juncture. Even though in the end we do throw the intruder out again, the exercise incident thereto will have done us good.

The other sections, though they contain fewer fireworks, are illuminating enough for anyone's satisfaction. To be especially stressed is the fact that there is not in the book, from cover to cover, any rehash. It is all new material, never before done into a volume. There is, finally, a most refreshing unfamiliarity about the illustrations.

FRANK THONE

Books in Brief

The World Unbalanced. By Gustave Le Bon. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

Another good man *spurlos versenkt* on the ocean of nationalism. Once upon a time Gustave Le Bon was an exceedingly competent psychologist who tried to discover interesting things about the crowds that moved in the streets of our cities and that had moved (obeying identical laws) in the narrow thoroughfares of Rome. Then came the war. Now Gustave Le Bon speaks as if he were a French consul general about to bestow the 467,931th Legion of Honor upon a deserving Salzgurken-pickler in the hinterland of Ohio for his contribution to the cause of civilization which (suspended animation among the audience) spells FRANCE (delirious cheering lasting thirty minutes). We have had to wallow through this sort of thing in the Teutonic language. Now we have to repeat the dreary process in French. We are grateful that a merciful post office makes it impossible to import large quantities of books from Soviet Russia. If that terrible hour should ever arrive and we found ourselves exposed to post-mortem explanations by the Tavareeshee of the Proletarian Akademy of Herzenstadt (a more deserving and certainly more pleasing appellation than Leningrad) we would take a short course in Chinese and ever after restrict ourselves to the literature of the twentieth century before the beginning of the present, the Christian era.

Keeping Up with Science. Edited by Edwin E. Slosson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Chats on Science. By Edwin E. Slosson. The Century Company. $2.

The world, as Mr. Slosson is qualified to see it, is full of a very large number of things that live or move or grow or change. Each page or two of these volumes frames a little article which gives the implications of research that may have taken a man's whole life. The result is a kind of pot-pourri of recent scientific discovery and application, stimulating, timely, untechnical. Like newspaper clippings of the journals which originally printed them, they will soon yellow and date and become as delightfully archaic as the scientific lore of other times which the author himself brings in now and then to point out the ignorance or wisdom of our forefathers. For the moment, however, they are accurate bulletins of man's advances along the whole frontage where science is fighting to conquer the material world. The function of *Science Service,* through which these pieces were released originally for use by newspapers and magazines, is to furnish a rare and happy liaison between technicians whose work necessarily lies beyond the rim of common comprehension and experience and the laymen who draw both pleasure and profit from it whenever it can be brought within reach of their understanding.

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Furtwaengler and Serafin

By PITTS SANBORN

IF Wilhelm Furtwaengler had returned to Germany after conducting one Philharmonic concert in New York he would have left us certain that here was the free and fearless hero designed by a beneficent Providence to deliver us at last from the apron-string tyranny of the ruthless *prime donne* of the baton. There could be no question about Mr. Furtwaengler's being a musician deserving the name. The modesty of his bearing was a refreshment; delightful his scorn of a tailor's dexterity. He seemed a conductor of preeminent ability, whose complete absorption in his work, whose air of giving honestly and unstintedly of his best, earned him at once the right to bear in his device that German word for which no synonym in any other tongue seems quite equivalent; Herr Furtwaengler was appraised as gifted, accomplished, *echt*.

And a memorable concert it was that he led that night. Take the C minor symphony of Brahms, which the myriad batonists sometimes seem to have beaten into an unrecognizable pulp. Under Mr. Furtwaengler's healing ministrations that sorely overworked composition was as if born anew. The listener had the feeling of hearing and completely grasping a masterpiece for the first time. The performance was cast in a big mold. It was epic as is the music. It was not afraid of sublimity and frankly wore the vesture of the grand style. Eminently elastic were Mr. Furtwaengler's tempi, unquestioning his employment of rubato; but always the pace seemed inevitable, and that, needless to say, is of the essence of a conductor's art. The slow movement, with the infinitely sweeping cantilena of strings, was nobly lyric; for once the allegretto seemed wholly worthy of the rest of the symphony; how sensitive, how just, the flexible but unhurried tempo of the main body of the finale—the authentic "slow" allegro of Brahms, but "con brio."

Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," which began the program, was certainly never played here with a finer exposition of its musical contents, with a surer feeling for perspective and design, with a more poised noblesse. In the opening phrase the conductor proved he knew that speed does not consist of being in a hurry. It was headlong, but the notes were all there. What followed was dramatized to the last detail, but each detail, each solo voice, had its due place in the broad musical design. We have all heard more sensuous, more impetuous performances of the Strauss "Don Juan," but rarely a performance, taken by and large, so satisfying. The only other number of this initial program was the cello concerto of Haydn, with Pablo Casals as soloist. The accompaniment directed by Mr. Furtwaengler was worthy of the consummate art of the cellist.

After this notable beginning Mr. Furtwaengler continued to provoke praise, and with justice. There are those who insist that not within memory of living man has the "Benvenuto Cellini" overture of Berlioz received such brilliant treatment. And beyond a doubt his reading of the Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel" pranks will not soon be forgotten. It was a narrative of velvet contacts and of mellow light, as if told in a luminous richness of medieval glass or woven in hues grown soft and fabulous with time across a fabric of treasured tapestries.

Of a wistful, golden tenderness were the measures prefacing the tragic jest, and so again the end. Into the body of the work the spirit of chamber music entered. Many a passage was modeled with infinite delicacy and made to glow with the highest of instrumental burnishing, but there was nothing of polite and parlor passion about Till's onslaught on doom, and the judges that condemned their pitiful flibbertigibbet pronounced mortuary sentence with all pomp and solemnity.

But when it came to the farewell concert, the sufficing sincerity of the musician bowed to the obvious ways of theatrical conducting. True, there was a performance of Haydn's "Surprise" symphony that may safely be written down ideal, but in Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" the fog that enveloped the opening and the quickstep charge on immortality betrayed another Furtwaengler than he who had recounted the pranks of Eulenspiegel so merry and sad to tell. As for Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, at the behest of one more conductor we found poor Beethoven signaling across the years to Strauss and Reger the despairing cry of his impotent S O S. Mr. Furtwaengler is to return to the Philharmonic next season. May he then recapture the miracle which visited his debut here!

While the concert conductors have held their carnival in one hall and another, an able, modest gentleman has been leading Italian performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, the only Italian conductor of the first rank to officiate in our foremost lyric theater since the regretted departure of Arturo Toscanini nearly ten years ago. Tullio Serafin has, along with native vigor and excellent scholarship, the capacity for taking infinite pains. To Italian operas of the older repertory that are rightly accounted singers' rather than conductors' property he has devoted the same affectionate care and scrupulous artistic rectitude that he doubtless brought to the scores of Wagner, Strauss, Pizzetti, and Malipiero which he has conducted so often in Italy. He rather than any singing actor is the magnitudinous star in the constellation that restored "Falstaff" to the Metropolitan boards. Before these lines are in print he will have demonstrated to New York his sympathy with modern music by conducting the Stravinsky ballet "Pétrouchka." It is easy to predict a widening scope for Mr. Serafin's local activities. It is as easy to hope that they may include the introduction to our public of important scores by significant Italian composers now living and writing.

Drama

In American

I DO not set up as an authority upon the subject of what is generally called the American language. Indeed I have never been able to understand why that dialect which Ring Lardner, for example, has used with such amusing effect has any more right to be called the American language than the Cockney dialect of London has to be called the English language; and it has always seemed to me that if such a phrase as "How'd you like the gal" represents the real American language then by the same logic such a phrase as "tyke the laydy to 'Amstead 'Eath" must of necessity be a typical example of real English. I am obviously unlearned in the subject, and I do not, like some who have revolted too far from Anglomania, believe that its study is the chief duty of our literature. But in so far as I can judge, "The Fall Guy" (Eltinge Theater) is not only a very amusing play but a remarkably exact transcription of this American language. Its scene is laid in the humble home of a drug clerk; its cast of characters includes such persons as a truck driver, a bootlegger, and a detective; and it catches their limited but racy idiom in a way that at least produces the illusion of absolute veracity. The plot is trivial, but the dialogue was composed by a man who knew his people, with the result that the piece has the tang of the genuine. Written, I surmise, of, for, and by people who have no literary self-consciousness whatever, it is nevertheless real enough and high-spirited enough to amuse anyone not too squeamish to be annoyed by its thoroughgoing vulgarity.

The idiom of its thought is, even more surely than the idiom of its speech, thoroughly American, and it goes just deeply enough into the material with which it deals to enable the authors to reproduce without making any effort to criticize. There is nothing in it, from the lamentations of the hero, who has allowed himself to be entangled in the plots of the bootlegger, to the difficulties of the truck driver, who hopes to better his position by obtaining facility upon

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the saxophone, which the characters themselves, if they happened to be seated in the audience, would not understand. Yet for all that it is genuinely funny and, as far as it goes, quite true. Incidentally it is far superior to "Is Zat So," in which one of its authors had a hand, partly because the plot is not so obviously absurd, and partly because it does not, like the other play, attempt by way of contrast to portray figures from that world of "high society" with which the author is obviously not so familiar. "The Fall Guy" is the best and most amusing of all those of the season's plays which belong strictly to the show business rather than to the drama.

"The Handy Man" (39th Street Theater) is built about the personality of a genial carpenter who has such a copious and persuasive flow of homely philosophy that he succeeds in taking the entire cast, including a professional pickpocket, into a better way of life. Obviously it has no relation to life as it is anywhere lived; but it is written with a certain bright competence. "The Devil Within" (Hudson Theater) is one of those Who-Killed-Cock-Robin melodramas in which everyone except the murderer is constantly open to suspicion. It is further marred by some extraordinary stilted dialogue.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

British Labor's Report on Russia

THE British delegates of the General Council of the Trade Union Congress, who visited Russia last winter for six weeks, have issued their official report. The following summary was printed in the *Times* (London) of February 28:

The delegation does not wish to be regarded as apologists for the principles and procedures of Russian communism—still less as advocates of its adoption in this country. "War communism," the delegation notes, was a product of Czarism and intervention, and the "new economic policy" is a compromise adapted to economic and political conditions in the Union.

It is very probably correct that the control by the Communists of the central authority is not so absolute as is claimed. The present tendency seems to be that the Communist organization is becoming more and more distinct from the government, more and more a religion—a sort of state church with an educational function. The governmental organs and the representative system are moving rapidly along lines that make their central control by a Communist caucus increasingly difficult. In other words, recent developments are toward a "democracy" in the sense of a government based on the expressed approval of a majority of the electorate, not merely on its tacit acceptance. The Soviet system at present consists of a series of compromises, most of them in constant change.

The delegation's view is that the present Communist system has by way of complicated compromises arrived at a condition that is not communism but would be better described as a form of state socialism or state capitalism, and this without prejudice to the preaching of communist ideals and the practice of severe devotion and discipline by those who take the vows. A general conclusion is as follows:

> Of all the compromises on which the Soviet regime is based, the first and most fundamental was the new economic policy. Just as it was evident to many members of the previous delegation in 1920 that war communism was an experiment that must get more and more extreme until it exploded, so the present delegation have come to the conclusion that the existing economic system is not only viable, but has real vitality; that it does not stunt, but can even stimulate the economic recovery that peace has now made possible. . . . Foreign capital now supplied to Russia should give good returns to the investor and provide valuable resources of food and fuel to the consumers of Western nations.

Agriculture, the report states, is now being restored on conventional lines and the Communists have had to renounce any rapid realization of their program of equalization of holdings and of communal cultivation. It is computed that 75,500,000 dessiatins of land are now under cultivation as compared with 97,500,000 dessiatins in 1913. Between 1916 and 1923 the head of horses fell from 31 to 19½ millions, and cattle decreased from 50 to 38 millions. In the famine areas the number of working horses is now 50 per cent of pre-war. An investigation by an advisory delegate of conditions in the villages of the Ukraine wheat-growing area showed that nothing was now wanting but capital to produce an immense increase in production. The failure of the 1924 grain harvest, it is added, is only locally serious. The whole is 15 per cent less than in 1923, which was over average. Russian demand is said to be assured, and it is further said that there will be a surplus of several million tons. At the same time there is an ominous precaution in the estimates for 1924-25 of 48 million Soviet rubles for famine relief. Owing to the great size of the country, it is pointed out, it may be more economical to export from a surplus region and support a deficit region with the proceeds. The bad harvest of last summer and the damage done to crops during this winter may cause local famine, but adequate precautions seem to be in preparation.

On the Red Army the general conclusion is reached that the present army is a very different institution from the old Czarist Army, and has developed into something very different from the revolutionary army of the civil wars. It is now composed of young recruits who, during their whole service, are put through an intensive course of education in their civil responsibilities. The emotional appeal is to proletarian solidarity, not to patriotic sentiment, and it seems even more effective in stimulating their military enthusiasm and efficiency.

Social Conditions

Section 2 of the report deals with social and religious conditions. It is stated that a worker is granted a minimum wage according to the category in which his duties or profession place him. This minimum wage is really only intended to cover the actual necessities for which he has to pay cash. The rest of his requirements in life, social recreation, traveling, yearly holiday, medical and insurance benefits, education and upbringing of his family, housing, etc., accrue to him in the form of benefits supplied by the state.

Any person between the ages of 17 and 55, having no physical or mental defects, who is not classed as a worker, has absolutely no political or social status at all. He has no vote and receives no benefits. He must pay the maximum tariff everywhere. His education and medical attendance must be obtained from private sources. He will have to pay the maximum house rent, and is liable at any time to receive a month's notice to make room for a worker. He must pay high prices for a meal outside his home, and his theater ticket will cost him ten times that of a worker. He will have no recognized club; recreation and sport will be difficult and expensive. The lot of some of these people who cannot, or will not, fit in with the new system is often very lamentable and at present they doubtless number many thousands.

With regard to immorality among children the report says that undoubtedly this exists, as it existed before the revolution. In conversation with school-teachers the delegation learned that the worst point was reached during the period of the civil war, when life was abnormal and the atmosphere of excitement and passion was at its height. Education and the Young Pioneer movement have done much to arrest it.

On religion the report states that there appears to have been no actual persecution of the clergy as such, but those who have thought fit to take political action against the state have met with exactly the same treatment as any other political agitator who infringes the state regulations. The hoarding and hiding of former church treasures and funds are dealt with according to the penal code, which protects the state against persons who infringe the laws of nationalization. A strong propaganda is carried on in the press, the schools, cottages, and trade-union clubs against religion generally, especially as practiced by the old orthodox church.

Education is obligatory and in most cases free, but where the state subsidy is not sufficient to cover the cost the local Soviet may charge fees, fixed on a sliding scale according to the income of the parents, provided they are "workers." It is stated that over 50 per cent of the children between the ages of 7 and 16 are now attending school. In the curriculum great attention is paid to languages, particularly French and, in some cases, English. Under the heading of elementary natural science and anatomy, children are given "very detailed instruction in the principles of personal hygiene, sex relationship, and the construction of the body." History is confined to the social and political aspects of the nations, and the stories of kings and dynasties are superseded by descriptions of the lives and creeds of social reformers.

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by the collections of works of art brought together "under the nationalization of private property." The delegation admit that each lecture carries with it a subjective lesson on communism and the rights of the worker. An example is given. Showing the class a picture of a gold salver containing fruit, the teacher asked why it was painted, and, receiving no reply, went on: "For the same reason, my little comrades, that you like to have a picture of Lenin in your room, to remind you of what is most dear to you all. These wealthy people liked to have their walls decorated with pictures by great artists of the things they loved most—rich food, served on gold salvers of Italian workmanship, resting on silk cloths embroidered by Persian slaves."

Rugged and Violent Art

Dealing with the workers' art colleges, the report notes the "healthy restraint" imposed on the factory worker students by the professors and teachers, who are mostly of the old school. "It is evident in these schools," says the report, "that an unconscious struggle is being carried on between master and pupil. The pupils are prone to reject any form of aesthetic art or coloring as typical of the hated bourgeois refinement." Later it adds:

> Portrait painting and, more especially, sculpture have taken an extremely rugged and almost violent form. Expressions of the sitters seldom appear in repose; nervous and mobile features are depicted in an exaggerated form. Statuary is never at rest, muscle, brawn, and all physical attributes are brought out in the strongest relief. The effect in the open, at great distances, is striking, but at close proximity appears inartistic, and for gallery or studio purposes is almost grotesque.

The tendency in literature and music is not wholly dissimilar.

> Literature apart from poetry is concerned mainly with economics. There is a striking tendency among new musical composers to seek expression in triumphant marches and the more decadent forms of syncopated noise known as jazz music. Efforts are, however, being made by these colleges to combat this tendency to imitate the West and to stimulate a higher form of art.

Russian drama, opera, and ballet, it is said, have weathered the storm of the revolution and remain intact. The old operas and ballets are still played to crowded audiences. With the exception of one theater in Petrograd all theaters are run at a loss, though the price of seats is about the same as in czarist days. A worker, on presenting his certificate, obtains a reduction, and may obtain a seat in the gallery at the opera for about 2½d., or a stall for less than 1s.

In the matter of publications, all manuscripts must be censored by the editorial commission of the government printing department, and books are reviewed in print by the censor. The position of the newspapers is described thus:

> Each newspaper is a self-contained organization with its own editorial staff. There is no obligation on the members of the staff to be Communists, but a government inspector from the censor office reads through the proofs before each edition goes to press. This official, who is a Communist, acts in very much the same capacity as regards articles and news as the legal adviser retained by most British newspapers, but he has the right to refuse publication of information which he considers contrary to the state regulations. The ultimate responsibility, however, remains with the editorial staff.

Great efforts have been made to organize village welfare and sanitation but difficulties in the rural districts are said to be considerable. On this subject the delegation report:

> The most serious difficulty, however, in many rural districts is the attitude of the peasants themselves. Any measure of cleanliness or hygiene is resisted to the utmost capacity. Much political capital has been made out of this resistance, and certain riots which have lately taken place in the villages have been attributed to political causes, whereas in reality they were the results of the activities of the Sanitary Commission. There are certain deep-rooted traditions among the peasants almost impossible to eradicate. One is an affection which they lavish on certain household pests known in this country as "bugs." It is considered unlucky to be without them.

Another example given is that of an isolated tribe found last year in Siberia, 600 miles from any habitation. These people had never washed their bodies, clothes, or eating utensils. Force had to be used to wash them. The first man who was bathed died and much trouble with the tribe resulted.

On the subject of birth control, the report says:

> The movement is at present confined to instruction and advice given by competent authorities who act through the baby and motherhood welfare organizations. The workers and peasants are advised to restrict their families within the limits of reason. They are told it is better to bring up three or four healthy children at reasonable intervals, which will enable the mother to retain her health and devote herself to the upbringing of each child, than to leave the begetting of the family to their natural instincts.

The change in housing conditions has evidently killed home life, though it has substituted a sort of family life, for the worker may take his wife and elder children to his club in the evening. At the same time the change has accomplished one of the chief aims of the revolution by breaking up the old middle-class society. The old professional and administrative class now have very little house room—one or two rooms per family—and social intercourse has therefore become impossible. Housing schemes appear to be in progress. Garden cities are being built and houses of four rooms and the usual offices are costing from £800 to £1,000 each.

Educating the Prisoners

An interesting description is given of the new prison system, under which the detention of a non-political prisoner aims not at punishing him but at educating him to become a useful citizen and worker. The atmosphere is said to be more that of a workshop of free workers than that of a jail. The following is the delegation's account of the system:

> A prisoner on entering the prison is placed to work at his own trade. In the event of his not having learned one, he is allowed to choose to which trade he will become apprenticed. He then commences work at trade-union hours and wages. The wages are paid to him monthly in the form of a check, which his family or relations can discount for cash, or which he himself can discount for goods at the prison cooperative store. In the event of a prisoner refusing to work at a trade he is drafted into one of the workshops and left alone to idle. In all cases, however, he invariably commences work after a few days' idleness in order to obtain pay and privileges received by his comrades. Weapons of defense, such as rifles, revolvers, swords, and whips, are never seen within the precincts of the prison. In fact, a uniformed official is seldom observed. Such soldiers and militiamen who patrol the interior of the prison from time to time have the appearance of being unarmed, although in reality they carry a Mauser under their coats.

Political prisoners do not follow a trade or earn a wage. Except where they are ordered solitary confinement, they have free intercourse with their fellows and an unlimited amount of censored literature. Political prisoners in the Caucasus are worse treated and their lot is said to be no better than it was in czarist Russia. Finally, the report says:

> In none of the prisons do the churches function, and there is no religious service of any kind. In some cases the church is utilized as a store, a cooperative, or a prisoners' meeting-house where the prisoners are allowed to elect their own workshop committees for the purpose of organizing their work and the cooperative stores.

In their report on trade unions, the delegation insist on the difference between regulation of the workers' rights in Russia, where the "workers are the ruling class," and agree-

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ments between workers and employers in capitalist countries. Speaking of the Russian workers they say:

> They enjoy the rights of a ruling class. They are beginning to exercise its responsibilities. They still have much to learn, but they have made a start. . . . In Russia the workers are the ultimate owners and rulers of industry, and though they have given the conduct of it to business managements, yet they retain the control. Representatives of the unions sit not only on all the councils that control industry but on all the councils of the Soviet Government. . . . The delegation were much impressed by the position and activities of trade unions under the Soviet system. Being largely freed from their main function elsewhere of protecting the workers against exploitation by the wealthy, and of preventing the public service of the workers from being prejudiced for private profit, the trade unions have been able to engage in educating the workers as citizens and rulers.

The advance from the stage at which labor was conscripted and rations were issued to the present system of collective agreements between trade unions and employers with the restoration of wages is described. The employer has a right of discharging an employee on the completion of a job or because of absence or obvious incapacity. The strike is only necessary against administrative mismanagement or "malpractice, such as delay of wage payments, etc." Unemployment is still serious and is relieved to a small extent, as in this country, by public works. The system of social insurance has failed financially and only 20 per cent of the unemployed are in regular receipt of relief. Summing up, the report says:

> The delegation find that labor regulation in U.S.S.R. is a practical compromise, presenting features that are interesting and instructive. Evils, such as unemployment, strikes, etc., though they exist in Russia, are not there, as elsewhere, essential to the system of employment.

It is admitted that lack of working capital still causes delays in the payment of wages and that this is a main cause of discontent. The general average of wages is now approaching the three-quarters of pre-war rates, and during the early period of the new economic policy wages in private industry were 25 per cent higher than in nationalized industry. Wages, the report says, have increased more rapidly than individual output, and the whole power of government propaganda is applied to stimulate production.

"A Strong and Stable State"

The "final conclusion" to this set of general and labor reports states that the delegation has come to the following conclusions:

> That the U.S.S.R. is a strong and stable state;
>
> That its government is based, first, on a system of state socialism that has the active support of a large majority of the workers and the acceptance of an equally large majority of the peasants, and, secondly, on a federal structure that gives very full cultural and very fair political liberties to racial and regional minorities, together with full religious toleration;
>
> That the machinery of government, though fundamentally different from that of other states, seems to work well, and that the government it gives is not only in every way better than anything that Russia has ever yet had but that it has done and is doing work in which other older state systems have failed and are still failing;
>
> That these good results have reconciled all but a very small minority to renouncing rights of opposition that are essential to political liberty elsewhere;
>
> And that this causes no resistance, partly because these rights have been replaced by others of greater value under the Soviet system, and partly because recent movements have been steadily toward their restoration;
>
> And, finally, that the whole constitutes a new departure of the greatest interest that is well worth foreign study and a new development that may be greatly benefited by foreign assistance.

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